
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

JANUARY 1801.

SKETCH

OF THE MEMOIRS OF

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, Esq. M. P.

(Enriched with a capital portrait in colours.)

IN this biographical department of our miscellany it has always been our ambition to bring forward characters whose natural and acquired accomplishments are deserving of attention. Accordingly, the *divine*, the *statesman*, and the *man of genius*, have successively passed beneath our review. We have analysed their merits—recorded the incidents of their lives, and enumerated their writings, by which they have attained to celebrity. In opening the CENTURY, therefore, we are happy in bringing forward a gentleman, whose talents are unquestionable, and whose fame has secured to him no small share of the public approbation.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN is the third son of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, who was distinguished for his skill in elocution, and for his zeal in improving various branches of education. The father of this gentleman was Dr. Thomas Sheridan, an

eminent schoolmaster, and the intimate friend of Dean Swift—whose life he wrote with ability.

The subject of our memoirs was born at Dublin in the year 1751, and in his early years discovered no particular marks either of genius or of activity. After receiving a kind of preparatory education in his own country, he was in 1762 sent to Harrow school, where he at length unfolded himself, and attained distinction. A spirit of emulation now began to pervade his mind, and roused him from the lethargy into which he had fallen. He recollected the golden opportunities which were passing over his head. He was impressed with the absolute necessity of application to ensure any considerable progress in mental improvement. This circumstance should induce instructors of youth to be patient with respect to those of their pupils who make not an early disclosure of their powers; and should guard the young scholar against that spirit of indolence which blasts every opening prospect of fertility, IDLENESS is the *Upas tree*, beneath whose poisonous foliage every plant stands condemned to inevitable destruction.

From Harrow he went and entered himself at the Middle Temple—but from this period to the time of his marriage with Miss Linley, his life is involved in obscurity. His connection, however, with this lady, was preceded by a duel at Bath with a Mr. Matthews, who had published a paragraph in the papers injurious to her reputation. The affair, at the time, occasioned much noise—but by the bestowment of the fair lady's hand, he thought himself abundantly rewarded.

Soon after his marriage Mr. S. began to employ his talents for the stage. He produced his *Rivals*, which was exhibited at Covent-Garden, the 17th of January, 1775. A few alterations secured to it a permanent reputation. His *St. Patrick's Day*, a

farce, and his comic opera, the *Duenna*, were soon afterwards brought forward, and well received. The latter, indeed, was honoured by an uncommon degree of popularity. It had a run of *seventy-five* nights during the season.

On Mr. Garrick's retiring from the management of Drury-lane Theatre, the share of the patent was purchased by Mr. S. for a considerable sum, and it now became him to put forth his dramatic ability. Agreeable to this expectation, he brought out his very celebrated comedy *The School for Scandal*. It was performed, for the first time, on the 8th of May, 1777, with unbounded applause. The characters are drawn with exquisite fidelity. Scandal is depicted throughout its numerous ramifications. The meanness of this vice, in all its extensive evolutions, are justly characterised and exposed. Nothing but a profound knowledge of life could have produced so faithful a picture of fashionable manners. The characters are marked by strong traits of frivolity and dissipation. The reputation of their several neighbours is torn to pieces with a merciless severity. It is impossible, indeed, to peruse, or to see drawn at length such pointed satire, without holding in detestation that odious vice of *scandal*, which thus consigns to destruction the happiness of society.

Mr. Garrick, who wrote the prologue to this play, has thus humourously described its nature and tendency.

Proud of your smiles, once lavishly bestow'd,
Again our young Don Quixote takes the road;
To shew his gratitude, he draws his pen,
And seeks this hydra *scandal* in his den,
From his fell gripe the Trighted fair to save,
Tho' he should fall, th' attempt must please the brave.

For your applause, all perils he would through,
He'll fight—that's write—a cavalier so true,
Till ev'ry drop of blood—that's ink—is spilt for you!

This famous dramatic performance was succeeded by his *Camp*, his *Critic*, and his *Monody* to the memory of Garrick, who died in 1779, universally lamented. Each of these pieces possessed great merit, and was crowned with the public approbation.

In the year 1780, Mr. S. was elected member of parliament for Stafford, and holds a distinguished place in the ranks of opposition. His speeches are fraught with wit—and on this account are particularly striking and attractive. The speech delivered by him at the trial of Mr. Hastings, was a prodigy of eloquence. It lasted five hours, and made a most powerful impression. Upon the late apprehensions of an *invasion* also, he spoke with an astonishing energy. The horrors attendant on so great an evil, were pourtrayed in vivid colours—and a spirit of resistance excited for the preservation of ourselves, of our families, and of our country!

After twenty years recess from the stage, Mr. S. lately came forward with the far-famed PIZARRO, a play, originally written by Kotzebue, the German dramatist. It was now by *him* considerably altered, and adapted to the British stage. It drew for many nights an astonishing degree of attention. Its charms were irresistible. As to the scenery—the TEMPLE OF THE SUN constitutes of itself a most magnificent spectacle: the personages also, introduced throughout the play, possess an original cast—and utter sentiments appropriate and impressive. ROLLA alone, is a character of high distinction. His generous maxims and fervid patriotism cannot be too much extolled. He is an example at once noble and instructive. His speech, respecting the *invading foe*, may be pronounced a

master-piece, and ought to find an echo from every British heart!

Under the superintendence of Mr. S. *Drury-lane* has attained to a considerable degree of prosperity. The elegant decorations of the house, in conjunction with the extraordinary merit of its performers, entitle it to a distinguished degree of the public patronage and approbation.

In private life, the subject of our memoirs is much esteemed for the facetiousness of his disposition and the urbanity of his manners. His conversation, indeed, is uniformly marked by spirited allusions, drawn from those ample stores of knowledge by which his mind is replenished.

Mr. S. lost his first wife, the celebrated Miss Linley, in June 1792, and was married again in 1795, to a daughter of the Dean of Winchester. By each marriage he has a son—and we hope, that both will, like their patriotic parent, prove highly useful to their country. *Public characters*, of every denomination, ought to have at heart the welfare and happiness of mankind. Such a train of conduct will be honourable in the eyes of their contemporaries and of posterity.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XLVII.]

THE SOFA.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

I sing the *sofa*. I who lately sang
Truth, *Hope*, and *Charity*, and touch'd with awe
 The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand
 Escap'd with pain from that advent'rous flight,
 Now seeks repose upon an humbler theme;
 The theme, tho' humble, yet august and proud
 Th' occasion—for the *FAIR* commands the song!

COWPER.

HAVING, in several of our last Numbers, touched upon the lesser pieces of our poet, we now *open* the YEAR with our entrance into his grand poem the *Task*, which, from its variety and beauty, will continue to amuse and edify future generations. It is distributed into *six* books; and takes its name from an injunction given him by a lady to write on the *sofa*; which he instantly obeyed. In this first book, therefore, he traces its rise from a plain three-legged stool to its present state of perfection. He concludes this introductory part of the subject in the following humorous strains. We cannot read them without a smile: they are of a wholesome and purifying tendency.

Thus first *necessity* invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,
 And *luxury* th' accomplish'd *sofa* last.

The nurse sleeps sweetly, hired to watch the sick,
 Whom snoring she disturbs. As sweetly he
 Who quits the coach-box at the midnight hour,
 To sleep within the carriage more secure,
 His legs depending at the open door.

Sweet sleep enjoys the curate in his desk,
 The tedious rector drawling o'er his head,
 And sweet the clerk below. But neither sleep,
 Of lazy nurse, who snores the sick man dead,
 Nor his who quits the box at midnight hour,
 To slumber in the carriage more secure,
 Nor sleep enjoy'd by curate in his desk,
 Nor yet the dosings of the clerk are sweet,
 Compar'd with the repose the sofa yields!

The author then congratulates himself on his freedom from the gout, which circumstance renders the *sofa* less necessary to him—and launches forth in praise of exercise, thus giving him an opportunity of describing the most beautiful parts of the creation. Here he meets with *crazy Kate*, which character he has drawn with exquisite simplicity :

There often wanders one, whom better days
 Saw better clad, in cloak of sattin, trimmed
 With lace, and hat with splendid ribbon bound.
 A serving-maid was she, and fell in love
 With one who left her, went to sea and died.
 Her fancy follow'd him thro' foaming waves,
 To distant shores, and she would sit and weep
 At what a sailor suffers; fancy too,
 Delusive most, where warmest wishes are,
 Would oft anticipate his glad return,
 And dream of transports she was not to know.
 She heard the doleful tidings of his death,
 And *never smil'd again!* and now she roams
 The dreary waste—there spends the live-long day,
 And there, unless when charity forbids,
 The live-long night. A tatter'd apron hides,
 Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides a gown
 More tatter'd still, and doth but ill conceal
 A bosom heav'd with never ceasing sighs.
 She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
 And hoards them in her sleeve; but needful food,
 Tho' press'd with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,
 Tho' pinch'd with cold, asks never. — KATE IS
 CRAZ'D!

With the same admirable pencil has Mr. C. drawn the *Peasant's Nest*, the *Gipsies*, and other scenes, which, had we room, we would have transcribed.

We shall only add his masterly sketch of LONDON—it is delineated with his usual fidelity :

LONDON is, by trade and wealth proclaim'd,
 The fairest capital of all the world,
 By riot and incontinence the worst.
 There, touch'd by *Reynolds*, a dull blank becomes,
 A lucid mirror, in which nature sees
 All her reflected features. *Bacon* there
 Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
 And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
 Nor does the chissel occupy alone
 The pow'rs of sculpture, but to style as much
 Each province of her art—her equal care
 With nice incision of her guided steel
 She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil
 So sterile, with what charms so 'er she will,
 The richest scen'ry and the loveliest forms.
 Where finds philosophy her eagle eye
 With which she gazes at yon burning disk,
 Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots?
 In LONDON. Where her implements exact,
 With which she calculates, computes, and scans
 All distance, motion, magnitude, and now
 Measures an atom, and now girds a world?
 In LONDON. Where has commerce such a mart,
 So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied,
 As LONDON—opulent enlarg'd, and still
 Increasing LONDON? Babylon of old,
 Not more the glory of the earth than she
 A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now!

Here the genius of our author shines forth with its accustomed splendour. In every paragraph we discern a glowing originality. In the course of our future *Reflectors*, we shall have to bring forward passages from the *Task* which will afford the amplest entertainment and instruction.

REFLECTIONS
ON THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY JOHN EVANS, A M.

Master of a Seminary for a limited Number of Pupils,
Fullin's Row, Islington.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.

VIRGIL.

—————Mighty years begun
From their first orb—in RADIANT CIRCLES run!

DRYDEN.

Nothing is lasting on the world's wide stage,
As sung, and wisely sung, the Grecian sage;
And MAN, who through the globe extends his sway,
Reigns but the sovereign creature of a day;
One generation comes—another goes,
Time blends the happy with the man of woes;
A different face of things each AGE appears,
And *all things* alter in a course of years.

COOKE.

THE moralist has recommended stated times for the purposes of meditation. At such periods the faculties are awakened, and the soul is set in motion. Thus stimulated, the sluggish current of our thoughts becomes quickened, flowing on with an accelerated rapidity. Such is precisely our present situation. The *commencement of a century* occurs not *twice* in our life. This is a serious consideration.—May it be rendered subservient to our moral improvement!

Standing as it were on an eminence and looking around us, we find the *new revolving century* replete with the most important, though obvious, topics of instruction.

1. We cannot enter on the present period without *glancing at the century* already expired. It would betray a strange insensibility, not to cast one "lingering look" after an old friend, whom we have now quitted for ever. The 17th century, which preceded it, was marked by disasters of an extraordinary kind. The *civil wars* between Charles the I. and his parliament, which terminated in the decapitation of that monarch—the *act of uniformity*, by which *two thousand* pious and learned ministers were ejected from their livings in the church, reducing them and their families to beggary—the *plague*, which swept away thousands of the inhabitants of this metropolis—the *fire of London*, which laid 436 acres of the city in ruins—the *Duke of Monmouth's rebellion*, on account of which *hundreds* were butchered by a ruffian, under the forms of law—and the *abdication* of James the II. which threw the nation for a time into the utmost confusion, are events not to be forgotten. In the succeeding century, now elapsed, nothing equally pernicious has occurred. Though sadly disordered towards the latter end of it by WAR, yet it may be pronounced, on the whole, favourable to human improvement. We have, however, lost during this period some of the first men, whose genius and wisdom have at once instructed and exalted the nation. Our *Marlboroughs* and our *Newtons* are no more! Such recollections, though melancholy, cannot be avoided in the retrospective survey of a century! These are thoughts which will force themselves on the mind, in spite of every effort to exclude them:—

When down thy vale, unlock'd by solemn thought,
That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O DEATH! I stretch my view—what visions rise!
What *triumphs*—*toils imperial*—*arts divine*
In *wither'd* laurels glide before my sight!

What length of *far-famed* ages billow'd high
With human agitation roll along
In unsubstantial images of air!
The melancholy ghosts of dead renown
Whispering faint echoes of the world's applause;
With penitential aspect as they pass,
All point at earth and hiss at human pride,
The wisdom of the wise and prancings of the great!

YOUNG.

Xerxes, the Persian Monarch, when he reviewed his *millions* from a stately throne in the plains of Asia, burst into tears on the recollection that *the multitude of men* he saw before his eyes, would, in *one hundred years* be NO MORE!

2. The commencement of a century should suggest to us the *inestimable value* of our TIME. Time was granted to man for his improvement. By the protraction of life fresh opportunities are afforded for our progress in knowledge, virtue and piety. We were not raised into being that we might be idle spectators of the objects with which we are surrounded. The situation in which we are placed demands reiterated exertion. The spheres in which we move call for the exercise of all the ability with which we may be endowed. Enquiries therefore should be made how improvements can be best effected, either in our individual, social, or public capacities. This conduct will reflect an honour on our rationality. This train of action will elevate us in the scale of being—impart a zest to our enjoyment, and prepare us for the honours of immortality! It is said, that the elder Cato repented of three things—one of which was his having spent a day without improvement.

3. We cannot begin a century without being impressed with the *vicissitude* by which sublunary affairs are characterised.

Every thing around us is in a state of constant fluctuation. Neither nature nor art continue long in one position. The heavens above us are in perpetual motion. The earth beneath is ever changing its external appearance. The atmosphere around us is subject to incessant variations. Individuals, families, and nations, are altering their aspect, and assuming forms marked by strong traits of novelty. Not only opinions, but even long established customs at length lose their hold on the mind, and are shut out by practices of a directly opposite tendency. Thus are we whirled around in the vortex of life by incidents the most strange, and by events the most contrary to our expectations. Change, in its endless variety of shapes, presents itself, and we observe, with surprize, the effects produced by it, both in ourselves and in our friends with whom we are connected :

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
 Nor search the ancient records of our race,
 To learn the dire effects of *time* and change,
 Which, in ourselves, alas ! we daily trace ;
 Yet, at the darken'd eye—the wither'd face—
 Or hoary hair, I never will repine ;
 But spare, O *TIME* ! what e'er of mental grace,
 Of candour, love, or sympathy divine ;
 Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is mine !

MINSTREL.

4. We should enter upon the new century with the pleasing idea that *the progressive series of events* tends to *human improvement*.

The light which broke out at the great æra of the reformation, continues to send forth its rays, and will illuminate the most distant regions of the globe ! The human faculties, which had slumbered for ages, were then roused into action, and the discovery of the art of printing facilitated the spread of truth in districts whither its beams had

not before penetrated. Since that illustrious period, science has lifted up her head—commerce has spread abroad her sails—and religion has unfolded prospects of futurity highly favourable to human felicity. Our ideas seem now to flow in channels which cannot easily be interrupted. More just views of the Supreme Being are entertained, and clearer notions indulged respecting the rights and privileges of humanity. Man will henceforward become more sensible of his advantages, and will, it is to be hoped, convey them entire and unmutilated to their posterity. The benevolent of every class rejoice in the prospect. Feeling for his species, *the good man* will exult in the recollection, that the night of ignorance and misery is passing away, and will be assuredly lost in the full blaze of perfect day :

Hail, radiant ages ! hail, and haste along !
 To *reasoning* man your splendid years belong :
 Unclose your leaves of true unfaded gold,
 That hidden lie in Fate's rich volume roll'd !
 Not fancy—FAITH, the muse this vision gaye ;
 Of *real* scenes—her sober raptures rave,
 Prophetic fury what she sings inspires,
 TRUTH's living coal hath lent her lips its fires :
 Of moral science—lamp to love and peace ;
 The lucid crescent shines—whose bright increase,
 Shall lose its horns in plenitude of light,
 And reach a glorious fall that ne'er shall wane to night !

CHANGE.

Finally, let us, upon the commencement of the new century, realise the *perfections* and *government* of the *Supreme Being*, under whose superintendance *every thing* will be conducted to a happy conclusion.

A fatherless world ! an orphan universe ! are ideas agonizing to every well constituted mind. The present system bears unequivocal marks of the wisdom and goodness by which it was originally con-

stituted. The parts themselves, and the relation they bear to each other, point out the admirable ends for which they are intended. The sun, moon, and stars, perform with regularity their destined revolutions. The earth vegetates at the assigned period of fertility, and pours forth its stores for the sustenance and comfort of the human race. The intellectual and moral powers of man lead him to the perception, and by the force of motives properly weighed, impel him to the practice of right conduct. The REVELATION with which we are favoured, is in every respect honourable to the divine government. The reasonableness of its doctrines, the purity of its precepts, and the sublimity of its prospects, recommend it to our most serious attention. Even the futility of the objections made to its origin, shews in a more striking point of view its divinity—for the envenomed shafts of infidelity, recently aimed at the heavenly shield, have been seen to fall pointless to the ground. In such circumstances, and with such views, MAN is empowered to look abroad at *the commencement of a century*, and to realise the perfections and government of the SUPREME BEING, with whom *there is no variableness nor the shadow of turning!* In neglecting this privilege, he omits to discharge a most important duty. He sinks himself upon a level with the brutes, and relinquishes means admirably calculated to promote and secure his perfection.

From the honourable ideas which we have been taught to form of Deity, we cannot for a moment suspect the equity with which he presides over every part of his wide extended empire! The architect prides himself on the proportion and regularity with which his buildings have been raised. The artist contemplates the niceness and accuracy after which his pieces of mechanism have been constructed.

The statesman congratulates himself on the sagacity with which his plans have been devised and accomplished. In a similar manner the Deity has regulated every procedure of his government with the profoundest wisdom, in conjunction with a benevolence which exceeds our loftiest conceptions. Immediately after the creation—GOD surveyed the works of his hands, and pronounced them to be—*good!* And humanly speaking, he must at all times look down with an eye of distinguished complacency on the subserviency of his government to general felicity.

MAN, however, furnished with scanty powers of perception, is cooped up on every side, and vainly strives to disclose the secrets of futurity. *We know not what to-morrow brings forth.* This is a measure ordained in infinite wisdom. The anticipation of our joys, or of our griefs, is often a burden too heavy to be borne. Pretensions, indeed, are made to a knowledge of our future destiny—but the imposition has been long ago detected and exposed. Our wisest way is to throw the reins over a vain curiosity. Let us never attempt, on any occasion, to lift up the awful veil which divides the present moment from futurity! Such a procedure shews only our own impiety and folly. Contented with that portion of information which is commensurate with our faculties and most congenial with our present situation, let us devote our knowledge to the great purposes of faith and practice. A larger degree of intelligence cannot, perhaps, in this life be the legitimate object of attainment. Henceforwards then, let us dismiss our anxious thoughts—banish our corroding cares—and shudder at the indulgence of impious anticipations.—In fine, let us calmly and cheerfully resign ourselves to the disposal of that GREAT BEING who *cannot err, and who will with consummate ability*

conduct the affairs of his *wise* and *righteous* government to the happiest termination :

IMMORTAL KING ! from all mutation free !
 Whose endless being ne'er began to be ;
 Who ne'er was nothing—who was ever all,
 Whose kingdom did not rise, and cannot fall ;
 On a mysterious throne, high rais'd above,
 E'en the fair change which heavenly orders prove !
 While their bright excellence progressive grew,
 He perfect was—ne'er imperfection knew !
 Ere worlds began, with boundless goodness blest,
 Ne'er needing to be better—always best !
 The pensive muse, who thus a mournful sigh
 Hath paid to stars that fall, and flow'rs that die ;
 While the short glories brief as fair she mourns,
 To HIM, the GREAT ENDURER, joyful turns.
 Glad she adores, deprest by gloomy wanes,
 That undecreasing LIGHT, who all ordains ;
 On HIM she leans, reliev'd from withering things,
 And his immortal counsel raptur'd sings :
 That scheme of good, which all that dies survives,
 Whate'er decays, for ever fair that thrives ;
 Whose progress, adverse fates and prosperous chance,
Virtue and *vice*, and *good* and *ill* advance,
 Which draws new splendour from all mortal gloom,
 Which all that fades, but feeds with riper bloom ;
 Each human fall but props—each fall succeeds,
 And all that fancy deems obstruction---speeds :
 In nature's beauteous frame, as cold and heat,
 And moist and dry, and light and darkness meet
 Harmonious in the moral system---join
Pleasure and *pain*, and *glory* and *decline* !

FAWCETT.

PULLIN'S ROW, ISLINGTON,
 Jan. 1st. 1801.

EXTRACTS

FROM

ROSCOE'S CELEBRATED LORENZO DE MEDICI.

BON-MOTS OF LORENZO.

ONE of his kinsmen, remarkable for his avarice, having boasted that he had at his villa a plentiful stream of fine water; Lorenzo replied—*"If so, you might afford to keep cleaner hands."*

A person of science having observed, in allusion to the defect in Lorenzo's sight, that the air of Florence was injurious to the eyes.—*"True,"* said Lorenzo, *"and that of science to the brain."*

Being interrogated by another person why he rose so late in the morning, Lorenzo enquired in return why he rose so soon, and finding that it was to employ himself in trifles—*"My morning dreams,"* said Lorenzo, *"are better than thy morning's business."*

When Soccini eloped from Florence to evade his engagements as professor of civil law there, and being taken and brought back, was committed to prison, he complained that a man of his eminence should undergo such a shameful punishment:—*"You should remember,"* said Lorenzo, *"that the shame is not in the punishment but in the crime."*

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

IN no point of view does the character of Lorenzo appear more engaging than in his affection towards his children, in his care of their EDUCA-

TION, and in his solicitude for their welfare. In their society he relaxed from his important occupations, and accustomed himself to share their pleasures and promote their amusements. By what more certain means can a parent obtain that confidence so necessary to enable him to promote the happiness of his children? The office of instructor of youth he considered as of the highest importance. "If," says he, "*we esteem those who contribute to the prosperity of the state, we ought to place in the first rank the tutors of our children, whose labours influence posterity, and on whose precepts and exertions the dignity of our family and of our country in a great measure depends.*"

AFFECTION OF BRUTES.

VALORI relates, that Lorenzo was highly gratified with the amusement of horse-racing, and that he kept many horses for that purpose, amongst which was one, that on every occasion bore away the prize. The same author professes to have heard from Politiano, that as often as this horse happened to be sick or was wearied with the course, he refused any nourishment except from the hands of Lorenzo, at whose approach, he testified his pleasure by neighing and by motions of body, even when lying on the ground; so that it is not to be wondered at, says this author, by a kind of commendation rather more striking than just, that Lorenzo should be the delight of mankind, when even the brute creation expressed an affection for him.

MARIANO, A CELEBRATED PREACHER.

"I was lately induced," says Politianus, "to attend one of his lectures, rather, to say the truth,



through curiosity than with the hope of being entertained. His appearance, however, interested me in his favour. His address was striking, and his eye marked intelligence. My expectations were raised. He began—I was attentive; a clear voice—select expression—elevated sentiment. He divides his subjects—I perceive his distinctions. Nothing perplexed; nothing insipid; nothing languid. He unfolds the web of his argument—I was enthralled. He refutes the sophism—I am freed. He introduces a pertinent narrative—I am interested. He modulates his voice—I am charmed. He is jocular—I smile. He presses me with serious truths—I yield to their force. He addresses the passions—the tears glide down my cheeks. He raises his voice in anger—I tremble, and wish myself away.”

COPPER PLATES, WHEN DISCOVERED.

The credit of having given rise to this elegant and useful art, has been contended for by different countries, and their various pretensions have been weighed and considered by many authors. It is, however, generally agreed, that it arose with the goldsmiths, and was afterwards adopted by the painters. The union of these two professions has thus produced a third, which has risen to considerable importance. The Germans, who have disputed with the Italians the honour of the invention, with the greatest degree of probability, have not, in point of fact, controverted the narrative given by the Italians of the rise of the art, nor brought forward any account of their own, but have simply endeavoured to shew that it was practised in Germany at an earlier period. Mr. Heineken asserts, that the earliest prints engraved in

Italy, that bear a date, are the maps to the edition of Ptolemy, printed at Rome in 1478; the earliest picturesque representations, those prefixed to some of the cantos of Dante 1482. But he conjectures that it had its rise in Germany about the year 1440.

COPPER PLATES, HOW DISCOVERED.

THIS discovery is attributed by Italians to Maso or Tomaso Finiquerra, a goldsmith, of Florence, who being accustomed to engrave on different metals for the purpose of inlaying them, occasionally tried the effects of his work by taking off impressions, first on sulphur, and afterwards on paper, by means of a roller, in such a manner, that the figures seemed to have been traced with a pen. It does not appear that Finequerra ever applied this invention to any other purpose than that of ascertaining the progress of his work, nor have the researches of the most diligent enquirers discovered a single print that can with any degree of probability be attributed to him: but Baccio Baldini, another goldsmith, conceiving that the discovery might be applied to more important purposes, began to engrave on metals, solely with a view of transmitting impressions to paper. Possessing, however, no great skill in design, he prevailed on Sandro Pothicello to furnish him with drawings suitable for his purpose. The concurrence of Antonio Palajuoli and Andre Mantegna, carried the art to greater perfection. Of the works of the last mentioned master, many specimens yet remain, which do credit to his talents. The beginning of the ensuing century produced a much superior artist in Marcantonio Raimondi, by whose industry the numerous productions of Raffael's, the transcripts

of his rich and creative mind, were committed to paper, with an accuracy which he himself approved, and may serve as a standard to mark in future times the progress or decline of the arts.

DEATH OF LORENZO.

No species of reputation is so cheaply acquired as that derived from death-bed fortitude. When it is fruitless to contend and impossible to fly, little applause is due to that resignation which patiently awaits its doom. It is not, therefore, to be considered as enhancing that dignity of character which Lorenzo had so frequently displayed, that he sustained the last conflict with equanimity. "To judge from his conduct, and that of his servants," says Politiano, "you would have thought that it was they who momentarily expected that fate from which he alone appeared to be exempt." Even to the last the scintillations of his former vivacity were perceptible. Being asked, on taking a morsel of food, how he relished it:—"As a dying man always does," was his reply. Having affectionately embraced his surrounding friends, and submitted to the last ceremonies of the church, he became absorbed in meditation, occasionally repeating portions of scripture, and accompanying his ejaculations with elevated eyes and solemn gestures of his hands, till the energies of life gradually declining, and pressing to his lips a magnificent crucifix, he calmly expired.

CHARACTER OF LORENZO.

IN the height of his reputation, and at a premature period of life, thus died Lorenzo de Medici;

a man, who may be selected from all the characters of ancient and modern history, as exhibiting the most remarkable instance of depth of penetration, versatility of talent, and comprehension of mind. Whether genius be a predominant impulse, directing the mind to some particular object, or whether it be an energy of intellect, that arrives at excellence in any department in which it may be employed, it is certain that there are few instances in which a successful exertion in any human pursuit has not occasioned a dereliction of many other objects, the attainment of which might have conferred immortality. If the powers of the mind are to bear down all obstacles that oppose their progress, it seems necessary that they should sweep along in some certain course, and in one collected mass. What then shall we think of that rich fountain, which, whilst it was poured out by so many different channels, flowed through each with a full and equal stream? To be absorbed in one pursuit, however important, is not the characteristic of the higher class of genius, which piercing through the various combinations and relations of surrounding circumstances, sees all things in their just dimensions, and attributes to each its due. Of the various occupations in which Lorenzo engaged, there is not one in which he was not eminently successful; but he was most particularly distinguished in those which justly hold the first rank in human estimation. The facility with which he turned from subjects of the highest importance to those of amusement and levity, suggested to his countrymen the idea that he had two distinct souls in one body. Even his moral character seems to have partaken, in some degree, of the same divinity; and his devotional poems are as ardent as his lighter pieces are licentious. On all sides he touched the extremes of human character; and the powers

of his mind were only bounded by that impenetrable circle which prescribes the limits of human nature.

POLITIANO CELEBRATED BY CARDINAL BEMBO.

Whilst borne in sable state Lorenzo's bier,
 The tyrant death his proudest triumph brings,
 He mark'd a BARD, in agony severe,
 Smite with delirious hand the sounding strings.
 He stop'd---he gaz'd---the storm of passion raged,
 And prayers with tears were mingled tears with grief;
 For lost Lorenzo, war with fate he wag'd,
 And every god was call'd to bring relief---
 The tyrant smil'd---and mindful of the hour,
 When from the shades his consort Orpheus led;
 "Rebellious too, would'st *thou* usurp my power,
 "And burst the chain that binds the captive dead?"
 He spoke---and speaking, launch'd the shaft of fate,
 And clos'd the lips that glow'd with sacred fire.
 His timeless doom 'twas thus POLITIAN met---
 POLITIAN, master of the Ausonian lyre.

RISE OF THE REFORMATION.

LEO the X. was not aware, that whilst he was composing the troubles which the ambition of his neighbours or the misconduct of his predecessors had occasioned, he was exciting a still more formidable adversary, that was destined by a slow, but certain progress, to sap the foundation of the papal power, and to alienate that spiritual allegiance which the christian world had kept inviolate for so many centuries. Under the controul of Leo, the riches that flowed from every part of Europe to Rome, as to the heart of the ecclesiastical system, were again poured out through a thousand channels, till the sources became inadequate to the ex-

penditure. To supply this deficiency, he availed himself of various expedients, which, whilst they effected for a time the intended purpose, roused the attention of the people to the enormities and abuses of the church, and, in some measure, drew aside that sacred veil, which, in shading her from the prying eyes of the vulgar, has always been her safest preservative. The open sale of dispensations and indulgencies for the most enormous and disgraceful crimes, was too flagrant not to attract general notice. Encouraged by the dissatisfaction which was thus excited, a daring reformer arose, and, equally regardless of the threats of secular power and the denunciations of the Roman See, ventured to oppose the opinion of an individual to the infallible determinations of the church. At this *critical* juncture LUTHER found that support which he might in vain have sought at any other period, and an inroad was made into the sanctuary, which has ever since been widening, and will probably continue to widen, till the mighty fabric, the work of so many ages, shall be laid in ruins. It is not, however, so much for the tenets of their religious creed as for the principles upon which they founded their dissent, that the reformers are entitled to the thanks of posterity. The right of private judgment, which they claimed for themselves, they could not refuse to others; and, by a mode of reasoning, as simple as it was decisive, mankind arrived at the knowledge of one of those great truths which form the basis of human happiness. It appeared that the denunciations were as ineffectual to condemn as its absolution was to exculpate; and, instead of an intercourse between the man and his priest, an intercourse took place between his conscience and his God.

MISPLACED PANEGYRIC.

LIKE the Egyptians, who embalm a putrid carcase with the richest odours, the artist and the poet too often lavish their divine incense on the most undeserving of mankind.

ANECDOTES

OF

JEMIMA WILKINSON.

[From the Duke de la Rochefoucault's Travels in North America.]

ONE Jemima Wilkinson, a quaker, and a native of Rhode Island, manifested so fervent a zeal in her religion, that at the age of twenty she was admitted to all the meetings of the society, which were held weekly, monthly, and quarterly, for settling the general concerns, and watching over the conduct of the brethren. She at length fancied that she was called to act some great and extraordinary part, and in this persuasion formed the project of becoming the leader of a sect. In the course of a long and dangerous illness, she was suddenly seized, or gave it out that she was seized, with a lethargy, so that to her friends she appeared as really dead. She continued several hours in this situation; and preparations were actually making for her interment, when she suddenly started up, called for her cloaths, declaring "that she had risen from the dead, and that she had cast off all her material substance, and retained only the spiritual." She went, accordingly, to the next meeting, as if with the authority of some celestial being, spoke there as one inspired, and gained some followers. She, ere long, expressed her displeasure at some religious observances of the quakers, and

D.

was, on this account, reprimanded by the meeting ; which appears to have been precisely the thing she wished for and expected. In the opinion of others, she met with this reproof, because at the beginning of the revolutionary war she had been much attached to the tories, and favoured the English party, by declaiming against the war, according to the principles of the doctrine she professed. She continued preaching and proceeding in this manner, till she was excluded from the meetings, which indeed all along appeared to be her particular wish. Being now a persecuted person, at least by her own account, she began to gain some partisans. She preached publicly on the necessity of the abolition of all meetings convened to censure, of a reform of the church-establishment, of granting to the friends universal liberty to preach what they pleased, without first asking leave so to do, &c. She soon made some proselytes, and at the same time drew upon herself the displeasure of all who adhered to the old forms of the religion of the quakers. She experienced, therefore, a very unfavourable reception for herself and doctrines, both in Philadelphia and New York. Wherever she came, every quaker turned away from her with abhorrence, as the enemy of his religion ; and all other persons deemed her a fool or an enthusiast. This disposition of the public she again called a persecution, it being favourable to her ultimate views. The number of her followers was now daily increasing ; and as she confidently trusted it would become still more considerable, she thought they might perhaps be willing to follow her. Accordingly she proposed to a number of them to flee from these regions of intolerance, and to settle in a place where they might worship God undisturbed, and free from that bitter spirit of persecution which men had introduced in opposition to the divine will.

Soon after, the country about Lake Seneca and Crooked Lake was fixed upon as the place of their settlement. The company of New York, which had purchased this land from the Indians, entered into a treaty for the sale of it with these reformed quakers. They were promised three tracts of land, containing each six thousand square acres, which were to form three districts, and to which Jemima instantly gave the name of Jerusalem. Thirty families removed hither with her; but she had confidently expected three or four hundred more, of whom, however, not above twenty at last arrived. This society soon spread over the three districts, which it was to occupy; but was not sufficiently numerous to replenish the fourth part of each. The enchantment, however, had already been broken by Jemima's absence, and with it had also vanished their zeal for peopling this new land of promise.

We saw Jemima, and attended her meeting, which is held in her own house. We found there about thirty persons, men, women, and children. Jemima stood at the door of her bed-chamber on a carpet, with an arm-chair behind her. She had on a white morning-gown, and waistcoat, such as men wear, and a petticoat of the same colour. Her black hair was cut short, carefully combed, and divided behind into three ringlets; she wore a stock, and a white silk cravat, which was tied about her neck with affected negligence. In point of delivery, she preached with more ease than any other quaker I have yet heard; but the subject matter of her discourse was an eternal repetition of the same topics—death, sin, and repentance. She is said to be about forty years of age, -but she did not appear to be more than thirty. She is of middle stature, well made, of a florid countenance, and has fine teeth, and beautiful eyes. Her action

is studied; she aims at simplicity, but there is somewhat pedantic in her manner. In her chamber we found her friend, Rachael Miller, a young woman of about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, her follower and admirer, who is entirely devoted to her. All the land which Jemima possesses is purchased in the name of Rachael Miller, an advantage which she owes to her influence over her adherents, and to her dexterity in captivating their affections.

Jemima, or *the Friend* (as she is called by way of eminence), inculcates, as her leading tenet, poverty, and resignation of all earthly possessions. If you talk to her of her house, she always calls it "the house which I inhabit." This house, however, though built only of the trunks of trees, is extremely pretty and commodious. Her room is exquisitely neat; and resembles more the *boudoir* of a fine lady, than the cell of a nun. It contains a looking-glass, a clock, an arm-chair, a good bed, a warming-pan, and a silver saucer. Her garden is kept in good order; her spring-house* is full of milk, cheese, butter, butcher's-meat and game. Her hypocrisy may be traced in all her discourses, actions, and conduct, and even in the very manner in which she manages her countenance. She seldom speaks, without quoting the Bible, or introducing a serious sentence about death, and the necessity of making our peace with God. Whatever does not belong to her own sect is with her an object of distaste and stedfast aversion. She sows dissension in families, to deprive

* These are small offices or detached houses in America, in which butter, milk, and fresh meat are generally kept. They are called spring-houses, because a stream of fresh water is always running through them.

the lawful heir of his right of inheritance, in order to appropriate it to herself; and all this she does under the name and by the agency of her companion, who receives all the presents brought by the faithful, and preserves them for her reverend friend, who, being wholly absorbed in her communion with Christ, whose prophetess she is, would absolutely forget the supply of her bodily wants, if she were not well taken care of. The number of her votaries has, of late, much decreased. Many of the families, who followed her to Jerusalem, are no longer the dupes of her self-interested policy. Some still keep up the outward appearance of attachment to her; while others have openly disclaimed their connection with Jemima. Such, however, as still continue her adherents appear to be entirely devoted to her. With these she passes for a prophetess, an indescribable being; she is not Jemima Wilkinson, but a spirit of a peculiar name, which remains a profound secret to all, who are not true believers; she is the friend, the all-friend. Six or seven girls of different ages, but all young and handsome, wait upon her, with surprising emulation, to enjoy the peculiar satisfaction of being permitted to approach this celestial being. Her fields, and her garden, are ploughed and dug by the friends, who neglect their own business to take care of her's; and the all-friend is so condescending, as not to refuse their services; she comforts them with a kind word now and then, makes inquiries after and provides for their health and welfare, and has the art of effectually captivating their affections, the more, perhaps, because she knows how to keep her votaries at a respectful distance.

When the service was over, Jemima invited us to dinner. The hope of watching her more narrowly induced us to accept the invitation; but we

did not then know, that it forms a part of the character she acts, never to eat with any one. She soon left us; and locking herself up with her female friend, sat down, without other company, to an excellent dinner; we did not get ours till after she had dined. When our dinner was over, and also another, which was served up after ours, the sanctuary opened again. And now Jemima appeared once more at the door of her room, and conversed with us, seated in an arm-chair. When strangers are with her, she never comes over the threshold of her bed-room; and when by herself, she is constantly engaged in deliberation how to improve the demesne of her friend. The house was, this day, very full. Our company consisted of exactly ten persons; after us dined another company of the same number; and as many dined in the kitchen. Our plates, as well as the table-linen, were perfectly clean and neat; our repast, although frugal, was yet better in quality than any of which we had partaken since our departure from Philadelphia; it consisted of good fresh meat, with pudding, an excellent sallad, and a beverage of a peculiar yet charming flavour, with which we were plentifully supplied out of Jemima's apartment, where it was prepared. The devout guests observed, all this while, a profound silence; they either cast down their eyes, or lifted them up to heaven with a rapturous sigh; to me they appeared not unlike a party of the faithful, in the primitive ages, dining in a church.

The all-friend had by this time exchanged her former dress for that of a fine Indian lady, which, however, was cut out in the same fashion as the former. Her hair and eye-brows had again been combed. She did not utter a syllable respecting our dinner; nor did she offer to make any apology for her absence. Constantly engaged in personat-

ing the part she has assumed, she descanted in a sanctimonious, mystic tone, on death, and on the happiness of having been an useful instrument to others in the way of their salvation. She afterwards gave us a rhapsody of prophecies to read, ascribed to one Dr. Love, who was beheaded in Cromwell's time; wherein she clearly discerned, according to her accounts, the French revolution, the decline and downfall of popery, and the impending end of the world. Finding, however, that this conversation was but ill adapted to engage our attention, she cut short her harangue at once. We had indeed already seen more than enough to estimate the character of this bad actress, whose pretended sanctity only inspired us with contempt and disgust, and who is altogether incapable of imposing upon any person of common understanding, unless those of the most simple minds, or downright enthusiasts. Her speeches are so strongly contradicted by the tenor of her actions; her whole conduct; her expence, compared with that of other families within a circumference of fifty miles; her way of living, and her dress, form such a striking contrast with her harangues on the subject of condemning earthly enjoyments; and the extreme assiduity with which she is continually endeavouring to induce children, over whom she has any influence, to leave their parents, and form a part of her community; all those particulars so strongly militate against the doctrine of peace and universal love, which she is incessantly preaching, that we were all actually struck with abhorrence of her duplicity and hypocrisy, as soon as the first emotions of our curiosity subsided.

Her fraudulent conduct, indeed, has been discovered by so many persons, and so much has been said against it, that it is difficult to account for

her having had any adherents at all, even for a short time. And yet she will probably retain a sufficient number, to increase still further her fortune, which is already considerable for the country in which she resides, and fully adequate to the only end which she now seems anxious to attain; namely, to live independent, in a decent, plentiful, and even elegant manner. There are so many weak-minded religionists, and Jemima is so particularly careful to select her disciples among persons who are either very old or very young, that her imposture, however gross and palpable to the discerning, may yet be carried on for some time with success, sufficient to answer her ultimate purpose. If her credit should sink too low, she would find herself constrained to transplant her holiness to some other region; and, in fact, she had, last year, harboured the design of removing her family and establishment, and of settling in Carlton Island, on the Lake of Ontario, where she would enjoy the satisfaction of living under the English government, which, by her account, has proffered her a grant of land.

Beauties of the Drama.

CONJUGAL AND MATERNAL AFFECTION.

[From Kotzebue's Spaniards in Peru, Act II. Sc. 1.]

ALONZO AND CORA, WITH HER CHILD.

Cora. He is the picture of you!

Alon. Of you rather, my love.

Cora. Nay, now Alonzo, indulge me with the pleasure of tracing my dear husband's likeness in his lovely boy!

Alon. But is not his hair the colour of your's?

Cora. Ah! but he has his father's blue eyes—

Alon. The mother's dimples are in his smiles!

Cora. (*Kissing the child.*) Oh! he's like you—like me—the picture of us both!

Alon. The little rogue deprives me of half your embraces—half your kisses too;—

Cora. Do I not kiss the father in the child?

Alon. I shall be jealous of him.

Cora. Oh, 'tis in him, and you Cora exists!—I dreamt the other night that he had cut a tooth—

Alon. That day will be a merry one.

Cora. And so it will be when he can run from me to you.

Alon. Aye—and when he can call in lisping accents, *father* and *mother*!

Cora. Oh, Alonzo!—the grateful incense we must offer incessantly to the gods—

Alon. The gods and Rolla—

Cora. You are happy, Alonzo, are you not?

Alon. Can my dear Cora ask that question?

Cora. Then why your frequent startings in sleep—your evident disquietude—your involuntary sighs?—

Alon. Am I not forced to take up arms against my brethren? Should the Spaniards be victorious, what will become of us?

Cora. We will fly to the mountains for refuge!

Alon. Fly—with an infant at your breast?

Cora. Why not?—Do you suppose a mother, when she flies from danger, can feel an infant's weight?

CONSTANCY.

(Count of Burgundy, Act III. Sc. 8.)

PETER, HENRY, &C.

Peter. Now, son, while this opportunity offers, may I enquire the state of your heart?

Hen. Oh, father, my happiness is ineffable!

Peter. Was I not then right in predicting that all your late ideas would perish in oblivion?

Hen. No, Sir, the supposition was wrong My constancy is unshaken—I love Elizabeth more than ever! What youthful fancy promised, Providence has accomplished. Vain were my hopes, but Heaven regarded them! In this dress I seem not what I was; my external form is changed, but I am still the same within—my heart is unalterable!—Though now saluted as the Count of Burgundy, I feel myself the humble Henry still!

Peter. Son———

Hen. May not the sweet sensation of rendering happy be participated, and will not that participation render the happiness double?—Why should not a prince engage in domestic concerns, that by being the *father of a family* at home, he may learn his duty as a *father of the people*!

Peter. 'Tis just———

Hen. Have you not yourself remarked, that the prince who knows what it is to be a husband and a father, is naturally the most anxious to promote the happiness of his subjects? His heart will not permit him to separate the wife from her beloved—the son from the parent.

* * * * *

Peter. This is all true.—It is not to be supposed that you will remain single.

Hen. Then let an express be sent to Hallwyl without delay.

Peter. To Hallwyl!

Hen. Aye—Elizabeth or none!—I have sworn it!—

Peter. But the oath came from the lips of a *Henry!*

Hen. And the *Count of Burgundy* will adhere to it!

Peter. But this is a disgrace to your dignity!

Hen. Disgrace! Oh, say not that!—The prince who acts wrong, is as much degraded by the act as is the beggar—but when he takes virtue to his throne, he is a prince indeed!

The Cabinet of Birth.

"Here let the jest and mirthful tale go round."

A MIDDLE aged gentleman paid his addresses to a *very young* lady, but when he asked her in marriage, was refused. Having acquainted a neighbouring clergyman of his disappointment, he received the following laconic, scriptural answer—
"You ask and you receive not, because you ask a *miss*."

An advertisement in an Irish paper, lately setting forth the many conveniences and advantages to be derived from *metal window sashes*, among other particulars, observed that "these sashes would last *for ever*, and *afterwards*, if the owner had no use for them, they might be sold for *old iron*."

Wit.—In a private conversation, the late Earl of Chatham asked Dr. Henniker, among other questions, how he defined *w t*? The Doctor re-

plied—"My Lor', wit is like what a *pension* would be, given by your Lordship to your humble servant—a good thing well applied."

—O—
Robert Death,

AT THE

FALCON,

NEAR SEWELL'S FOLLY, BATTERSEA RISE,

On the Kingston Road,

DEALER IN

Foreign Spirituous Liquors, Wholesale and Retail.

O! stop not here, ye sottish wights,
For purl, nor ale, nor gin,
For if you stop, whoe'er alights,
By DEATH is taken in.

Where having eat and drank your fill,
Should ye, (O hapless case!)
Neglect to pay your landlord's bill,
DEATH stares you in the face!

With grief sincere I pity those,
Who've drawn themselves this scrape in:
Since from this dreadful gripe, Heaven knows,
Alas! there's no escaping!

This one advice, my friends, pursue,
Whilst yet yo've life and breath;
Ne'er PLEDGE your host; for if you do,
You'll surely—drink to DEATH!

—O—

Lord Nelson, a few days after his return, expressed very familiarly, his own attachment to the profession of which he is so proud an ornament. A lady, a very old friend of his family, was asking, whether, after so much success, he might not expect a long rest, intimating at the same time, that it could not be necessary for him to seek either

more honour or more wealth. "Every man, you know, Madam," said he, "has his hobby-horse; and I have mine—I must go." It is well known, that this gallant officer, when at sea, has always his coffin on board, which is made from the hulk of an old first-rate. A friend, on asking the reason of this very singular circumstance—"I know," said Lord Nelson, "that I *shall die in battle*; and let this be my last *covering*."



A gentleman having called his servant to assist him in dressing, the latter, who had been employed in some dirty work, came up, all over dust. The master, in a passion, took up a cane, and was going to lay it over the fellow's back, when he cried out, "Sir, Sir, if you wish to dust my coat, I beg you will let me take it off first!"



The ladies of Paris are at least as much attached to thin cloathing as those of London. A lady of distinction there having become very conspicuous for the thinness of her attire, one day, when she had a good deal of company, a packet was brought directed for her, and entitled, "Dress for Madame ——" It was brought up, and thinking it was an elegant dress she had ordered from her milliner, the lady resolved to treat her friends with a sight of this new invention of her fancy. It was opened, and there appeared a *vine-leaf*.



A tradesman's wife having purchased a raven, one of her neighbours asked her, how she thought of buying such an ugly and useless bird? "My husband and I," replied she, "wished to try the

experiment, whether it be true, that ravens live to the age of seven or eight hundred years."



When one of Lord Monboddo's friends proposed to solicit for him the office of a Judge in the Scotch Criminal Court, his Lordship said, "No; I have more pleasure in looking after my little farm, in the vacation of the Court of Session, than I should have to run about the country hanging people."



A little girl, on hearing that her mother had lost a law-suit, said, "Dear Mamma, I am so glad that you have *lost* that nasty suit that used to plague you so!"



History-painting is certainly the first, but not the most profitable line in the art.—A portrait-painter says, "Painters of history make the *dead live*, and do not begin to *live* themselves, till they are *dead*.—I paint the *living*, and they make me *live*."



One Dr. —, a Scottish Clergyman, in what he facetiously terms, "A faithful Translation of Sonnini's Travels in Egypt," informs his readers, that at Malta "the *ridges* of the houses are all *flat terraces*," and that, "at Rosetta the inhabitants *cut the throats* of their ducks, and *in that situation keep them alive*, with their wings broken;" and lastly, that "the Orientals never take a *walk* but on horseback."



Mr. Campbell, an Argyleshire Laird, has given a specimen of the *bull*, even beyond any of those

just recited. The excellent military road in that county, constructed under the late General Wade, running through part of his estate, he has recorded his sense of this improvement by a conspicuous monument, on which is inscribed the following distich :—

"Had you seen this road *before it was made,*
You'd lift up your hands, and bless General Wade."



A certain bruising parson having been examined as a witness in the Court of King's Bench, the adverse council attempted to brow-beat him :—"I think you are the bruising Parson," said he. "I am," said the divine ; "and if you doubt it, I'll give it you under my *band*."



Dr. Walker, Professor of Natural History at Edinburgh, a man of great science, and also of great worth, is not a little finical in dress. His hair-dressing was, till lately that he got a wig, the work of two or three hours every day. Once when he was travelling from Moffat, where he was then minister, to pay a visit to the late Sir James Clerk, of Pennycuick, he stopped at a country barber's shop on the way, in order to have his hair dressed. The barber, who, although he had often heard of his customer, but was unacquainted with his person, did all that he could to obey his numerous directions which he received ; with astonishing patience did he for three hours curl, uncurl, friz, and labour at the Doctor's hair ; at length, however, he could not avoid exclaiming—"Why, in all my life, I never heard of a man so ill to please as you, except the mad Minister of Moffat!"

When Sir John Scott brought in his bill for restricting the liberty of the press, an Irish Peer suggested that all *anonymous* publications should have the *name of the author* on the title-page!



An Irishman purchased the sixteenth of a lottery-ticket, for which, as tickets were high, he paid a guinea and a half. In a few days it came up a twenty-pound prize, for which, on application at the lottery-office, he received three-and-twenty shillings. "Well," says Pat, "I am glad it is no worse. As it was but a twenty-pound, I have only lost eight-and-sixpence; but, by Jasus, if it had been a twenty-thousand I should have been ruined."



A small wine-merchant knowing that nothing could win Mr. Elwes's heart so much as to make him presents, begged his acceptance of some very *fine wine*, and in a short time obtained the loan of several hundred pounds. Elwes used ever after to say, "It was, indeed, very fine, for it cost him twenty pounds a bottle!"



In the year 1793, when the Duke of Richmond had the command of the camp on Warley Common, he ordered that a captain should always do duty in the kitchen, to superintend the dressing of the soldiers meat. Being asked the reason, he said it was, that his officers might be accustomed to *stand fire*.



The keeper of a paltry alehouse had on his sign, after his name, the letters, M. D. F. R. S. A Physician, who was moreover of the Royal Society,

asked him how he presumed to affix these letters to his name. "Indeed, Sir," said he, "I have as good a right as you have."—"What do you mean, you impudent scoundrel?" "I mean," returned the other, "that I am Drum-Major of the Royal Scots Fuzileers."



An attorney in France having purchased a charge of bailiff for his son, advised him never to work in vain, but to raise contributions on those who wanted his assistance. "What! father," said the son, in surprise, "would you have me sell justice?"—"Why not?" answered the father: "is so scarce an article to be given for nothing?"



Lord Armadale, one of the Scotch Judges, and son-in-law to the late celebrated Lord Justice Clerk, has a son, who at the age of eleven or twelve rose to the rank of a Major. One morning his mother hearing a noise in the nursery, rang to know the cause of it, "It is only," said the servant, "the Major greeting for his porridge *."



There being a lawsuit between Mr. Foot and Mr. Ross, respecting the Edinburgh theatre, let by the latter to the former, which came by appeal before the house of lords, the matter was terminated in favour of Ross, and Foot was saddled with the costs. When he paid the bill to Mr. Walter Ross, Mr. Ross's Scotch solicitor, he said to him, "Now, Walter, when do you go to Scotland?"—"Tomorrow."—"And how do you travel? I suppose, like the rest of your countrymen, you will do it in

* Crying for his breakfast.

the most economical manner."—"Yes," replied he, "I shall travel *on Foot!*"



The journeymen *tailors*, by their protracted dispute, seem desirous to widen the breach, forgetting, no doubt, the good old professional adage, that "*a stitch in time saves nine!*"



The new fashioned carriages, with which the streets of the metropolis now abound, are by no means creditable to the taste of the times. Their shape bears some resemblance to a *clumsy tub*, and they are hung so excessively low, that the coachman seems as if placed upon a *watch-tower* to keep a good *look-out* for the company below.

For the Monthly Visitor.

THOUGHTS ON MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

THE Elegy of Gray (from which I have here quoted a verse, as a kind of motto) is universally admired for the dignified simplicity of style in which it is written. The poet having in a preceding verse mentioned that the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, and all the attendants on beauty and wealth, were destined in the course of events to sink into oblivion, proceeds in this stanza, under the form of a question, to remonstrate against the

ridiculous practice of making for deceased persons superb monuments, bedecked with flattering inscriptions. For friends to follow to the grave a relative, whose general plan of life was known to have been not quite what it ought to have been, must necessarily be a grievous task: but it surely is no excuse for their erecting to his memory a pompous monument, overspread with flattery; telling the world he possessed virtues which never belonged to him; in fact, endeavouring to make us believe *that* to be virtuous which in reality was disgraceful or criminal. This is a strange abuse of words and facts, and justly merits the animadversions made by the late amiable Dr. Enfield, in a sermon which he wrote on the Moral Abuse of Words.

But although it is highly censurable *thus* to decorate a little spot which encloses a lifeless corpse, I think we may assert, that *monuments with appropriate inscriptions*, have their utility. They tend to call into action the benevolent sympathies of our nature. This is my first remark. Were we to enter a burial-ground, like that of the Quakers, in which there was not a single stone; in which nothing appeared but the grassy hillock, to inform us of the contents of the place, we might possibly have many humiliating, yet useful, ideas enter our mind. But how much more vigorously are our benevolent and tender sympathies likely to arise when turning our eyes around, we behold on yon stone the name of one with whom we have often had sweet converse. When we see, that he who started in life along with us is gone before us, has given up the concern he had in sublunary affairs, when we think that his soul, ere this, has explored a very momentous country, knows, perhaps, some little of its doom—can we refrain from considering

how short and uncertain is our life, how ridiculous therefore to be always bickering about trifles upon the journey? Can we help asking ourselves, whether our house is in order—whether, as we have enjoyed our friend's company upon earth, we are ready to follow him into an untried eternal region? Surely not. Such thoughts imperceptibly start up in our minds—let us give them a hearty welcome. When from the tomb of our friend, we turn to a monument reared by the hands of an afflicted parent over a darling son, cut off in the bloom of health and manhood, we are constrained to mingle our sighs with those of the afflicted relative, and to bow with humility to the mysterious events of Providence. When on another tomb we see the history of one, whose life was a continued scene of difficulty and distress—to whom health was a total stranger—and beyond whose reach the comforts of life were like the cup of Tantalus, always suspended, but yet never were within his grasp. We naturally reflect how happy an appointment is the grave, into which this poor wretch could enter and take refuge; where the wicked and the distresses of life cease to trouble, and where the frame of this poor man finds rest. The man who can enter a burial ground without being affected, without having his virtues matured, his disposition and conduct meliorated, must have a heart hard as adamant—callous as the flinty rock.

2d. Monumental spectacles tend to turn our thoughts to religion. Seeing, from the inscriptions of the tombs, death to be the lot of all, we naturally ask, *is there no method* of escaping? Or, can we not turn to our advantage this doom which we cannot avoid? MEN should be thankful; this question by *them* can easily be answered. They *know* the grave is only a passage from this world

to a better ; that although here there is much difference of rank and opulence ; that there, in that respect, all distinction ceases. They know, that unless the rich man has used his talents to advantage, the fretted vault which contains his corpse, and the monument erected with curious workmanship, to shew the rank of the possessor, will nought avail to soften the condemnation of a righteous God ! On the other hand, they have the pleasure of reflecting, that the poor man, who has not a stone to tell where he lies, provided *his alms* and *his prayers* have gone up as a *memorial before God*, will be enriched with unfading honours. Can we possess such delightful intelligence without frequently dwelling upon it with rapture and delight ?

3d. Monuments points to the evanescent nature of all earthly materials. The grassy hillock shews us *human frailty*, by telling us that it encloses a *lifeless corpse*, which *once* was an *animated body*. But the monument erected by survivors, to extend a little longer the memory of their departed friend, goes much further ; and says, with emphatic language, *not merely human flesh and blood*, but *stocks and stones themselves*, must yield to all conquering time. When the pyramid, or mausoleum, is first erected, it seems to tell the traveller its business is to perpetuate the memory of one deceased, and, that in spite of time and destruction, it will fulfil its duty ; but a few revolving years shew its incapacity for its office. The hand of time gradually erases the name which was inscribed—and the proud memento at last sinks into oblivion.

Lastly. Monuments are *tokens of respect* from survivors towards their deceased relations. Every nation has some mode peculiar to itself of paying respect to its deceased members. In some places they innocently adorn the graves with flowers—in

others the bodies are burnt, but the ashes are carefully preserved. And I see no reason why we should abolish a custom seemingly innate in the human breast. To carry our friend to his grave, or otherwise to dispose of him, is what we *must* do, or else he would soon be *disgustful*: to leave him without a memorial is what we *may* do, but it would be *disgraceful*—it is, in fact, telling the world that we cared no more for our friend after he could do no more for us—but to place a neat tomb-stone over his grave, informing the passenger that we respected the departed person for his virtues, not from self-interest, it protests, that if wealth *could* have brought back his spirit, we would cheerfully have resigned it; but since it cannot effect his return, we *will pay* him his *last merited respect*. It bespeaks gratitude and veneration on the part of relicts; and assures future generations in the best characters we have in our possession

That such men *were*,
And were *most precious* to us.

Hackney,
8th January, 1801.

J. F.

THE KING'S PLUME, OR AIGRETTTE.

THE magnificent plume worn by his majesty at St. James's, on the birth-day, is a present from the Grand Seignior, and arrived from Constantinople only in the course of the preceding week. An ornament of such extraordinary beauty, novelty, and splendour, attracted every eye, and hence we are enabled to present a description of it, which may be relied on as faithful, being the result of the combined observations of many who had an oppor-

tunity, on that brilliant occasion, of examining it with minute and fixed attention.

Rising from the hat, to which it is affixed, the first part intended to meet the eye is a knot of brilliants, composed in a style of elegant simplicity. This serves as a root or basis from which the principal stems and supporters of the ornament, consisting of sprigs of laurel, and spiral branches of diamonds, spring up. A little above the knot is a superb crescent of brilliants, remarkable for their size and the fineness of their quality. Out of it rise five spiral branches of the same materials, and between each a sprig of laurel composed of diamonds reaching to the same height as the spires; from the top of each branch is suspended a string of six diamonds as large as a pea; the fashion Indian cut drops; and beneath the crescent, strings of diamond, similar in quality and construction, and of the same number as those above, hang down from each of the exterior stems.

On each side of the crescent are two flags representing the colours of England and Turkey.—The English flag on each side is in front, and the Turkish appears on the back ground. The colours are represented by pink and plain diamonds; the standards are confined by a knot of small pink brilliants.

Over the flags and on the centre is the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland executed in small brilliants, with the most perfect accuracy and strict attention to the minutiae of heraldry.

From the back of that part of the ornament which we have been just describing, springs up a bunch of heron's feathers. They are perfectly straight, not quite so broad as the ordinary feathers of a cock's tail, and about twelve inches long.—

The colour is black, which is esteemed the most rare, and is peculiarly adapted to the display of the brilliants, for which, when viewed in some directions, they appear as a ground.

From thence it appears, that this ornament, an unique in magnificence, is a composition of parts of very different nature, comprising the plume, the cheling, and the bouquet. In this structure, the part immediately connected with the crescent is the bouquet, or, as this splendid article is called in Turkey, the Ottoman; and the crescent is designed as a basket, in which its beauties are arranged and unfolded.

The bunch of heron's feathers alone is estimated at 1000*l.* owing not so much to the scarcity of that bird, as the circumstance of its having only two such feathers in its plumage. The plume contains about an hundred of them. Of the value of the whole ornament we are not capable of forming an opinion, as, exclusive of the plume, it is composed entirely of jewellery, consisting of brilliants and diamonds of the first class and fineness.

LAVATER,

THE celebrated physiognomist, who lately died at Zurich, has been, for many years, one of the most famous men in Europe.

He was an humble country clergyman of good education, a warm fancy, and a natural acuteness of discernment. His perspicuity of intelligence was associated with weakness of sensibility and imagination, not a little akin to those of J. J. Rousseau.

In this situation, and with these qualities, he was accidentally led to turn his attention, in a particular manner, to the expression of human sentiment and character in the varied conformation of the countenance, head, and other parts of the frame, in the complexion, in the habitual motions and attitudes, in the temperament of health, &c. He perceived that, in all these, not only transient passion, but even the more permanent qualities of character, are often very distinctly expressed. He carried his observations, in his way, much farther than any other person had before advanced.—Success inflamed his imagination; and he became an enthusiast in the study of physiognomy. The opinions relative to it, which he propagated, were a medley of acute observation, ingenious conjecture, and wild reverie. They were divulged by him in conversation, and in a multitude of fragments, which he and his disciples soon assembled into volumes. Novelty, mystery, and the dreams of enthusiasm, have inexpressible charms for the multitude: every one was eager to learn to read his neighbour's heart in his face. In Switzerland, in Germany, in France, even in Britain, all the world became passionate admirers of the physiognomical science of Lavater.

His books, published in the German language, were multiplied by many additions. In the enthusiasm with which they were studied and admired, they were thought as necessary in every family, as even the Bible itself. A servant would, at one time, scarcely be hired till the descriptions and engravings of Lavater had been consulted, in careful comparison, with the lines and features of the young man's or woman's countenance. The same system was eagerly translated into the French lan-

guage: and, as the insight into character and secret intention which it promised, was infinitely grateful to female curiosity, all the pretenders to wit, taste, and fashion, among the lively women of France, soon became distractedly fond of it. It was talked of as a science susceptible of mathematical certainty; and was applauded as capable of endowing man with the power of omniscient intuition into the hearts and intentions of his fellows.

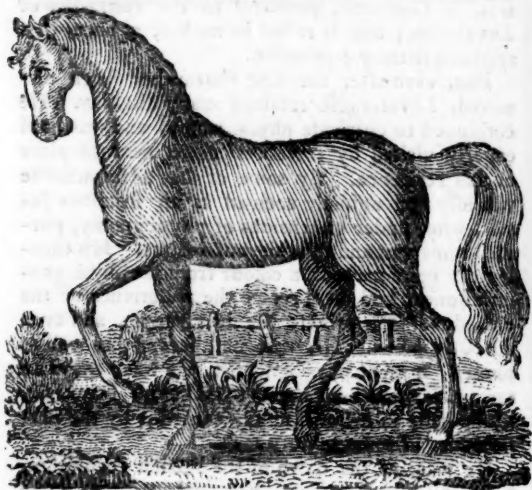
Two well executed translations naturalized the same books of Lavater in the English language: this naturalization was requisite, to shew us the fallacy of his pretensions. The wanderings of imagination, the dreams referable to no scientific principles, even the occasional effusions of sublimity and pathos which those books displayed, might interest the curious remarker on human genius and character; but served, at the same time, to evince to the sound sense and shrewd discernment of Englishmen, that physiognomy was but an idle study, the amusement—it might be—of the wise; the delusion of fools. The multitude run ever in extremes: and, notwithstanding the labours of Dr. Hunter and Mr. Holcroft, the writings of Lavater have been since treated, in England, with a slighting disregard, that does injustice to their genuine merits.

The physiognomical delirium of the weak excited, also, in Germany, the derision of the witty and the wise. The *Physiognomical Travels*, or *Physiognomical Quixote* of the celebrated Musaus, the preceptor of Kotzebue, was written in ridicule of the dreams and pursuits of Lavater and his physiognomical disciples: and, though to an Englishman, its humour may not appear very happy, nor its wit admirably lively and pointed, yet its effect

was, in Germany, powerful to the confusion of Lavaterism; and it raised its author, at once, to a splendid literary reputation.

But, even after the first charm had been dissolved, Lavater still retained many disciples. He continued to cultivate physiognomy, and was still eagerly visited by travellers passing near the place of his residence. By some of his adversaries he was idly and unjustly accused as an insidious Jesuit, who, under pretensions of physiognomy, pursued some vast and mischievous designs. His theological opinions took a colour from his physiognomical ones; and he became the abhorrence of the orthodox. His private life was simple, and even devoutly pious. His wife had become, as well as himself, a great physiognomist. He was always an early riser, and used never to take his breakfast, till he had, in his own mind, earned it by the performance of some literary task.

He was, at the dawn of the French revolution, not at all adverse to it. Even when it began to penetrate into Switzerland, he did not passionately declare against it; but when he saw his native country become a prey to the excesses of jacobinism, his indignation was earnestly roused, and he wrote some eloquent pieces against the oppressions of the French. He favoured the momentary counter-revolution. He was cruelly attacked and wounded by the French soldiers, when that counter-revolution was suppressed. His death was in consequence of those wounds. It may revive his fame, and excite a new curiosity for the perusal of his works.




Epitome of Natural History.

No. I.

THE HORSE.

AS our plan is professedly for the improvement and instruction of the rising generation, we do not mean to be diffuse in this department, but briefly to describe such animals as are most familiar to us, in order to prepare the juvenile mind for the more extensive works on the subject, thereby serving the purpose of an assistant to the study of natural history; and, first, of the HORSE; which is known among most nations in the world, in a domestic state. In gracefulness of form, and dignity of carriage, he appears superior to every other quadruped. Among all the inferior animals, man



has found no other servant equally manageable and useful with the horse. He is lively and high spirited, yet gentle and tractable; vigorous and active; keen and ardent in his exertions, yet firm and persevering. He seems equally qualified for all the different purposes for which man can employ his services: he submits patiently to the draught; rejoices in the race; in hunting, seems to catch the eagerness of his rider, and disdains every obstacle; on the road, proceeds cheerfully, and seems to acquire for his master the attachment of a companion; in war, he learns to perform every evolution with the utmost dexterity, and displays a degree of ardour for battle which the courage even of the bravest soldier cannot exceed. He is liable to several diseases, though not to such a variety as his master. To some of these he would, no doubt, be naturally subject in any state; others of them are occasioned by our wanton abuse of this noble animal; and others, perhaps the greater number, he owes to our ill-directed fondness and care. He feeds upon grass and grain; fights with his hoofs and teeth, defends himself from flies with his tail.—The skin of this animal is used for collars and harness, and other similar purposes; and the hair for chair bottoms, floor-cloths, and fishing-lines. The flesh is eaten by some rude nations, among whom the animal abounds: the milk of the mare is also drunk; and the Kalmuks and Mongals prepare from it a spirit of considerable strength.—Horses are known to live, when their days are not shortened by ill usage, commonly, to the age of five and twenty or thirty years: Such as are remarkably large seldom live so long as those of a moderate size*.

* We are informed, upon respectable authority, that a horse, who was ridden by a field-officer, in serv-

The horse, like the other tame animals, has, no doubt, been originally domesticated by human art. Wild horses are still found in various parts of the world. But this species of animals have been so long known in a domestic state, and their useful qualities have caused them to be diffused so generally over the globe, that it is impossible to discover with any degree of certainty, of what country they were originally natives. Wild horses are found in the country lying around the lake Aral; on the river Tom, in the southern part of Siberia; in the great Mongolian deserts, and among the Kalkas, north-west of China. These horses are smaller than the domestic; their hair, particularly in winter, is very thick, and of a mouse colour. Their heads are larger, in proportion to their bodies, than those of the tame horses; and their foreheads remarkably arched. They herd together in large companies, and often gather round the horses of the Mongals and Kalkas, while grazing in the fields, and carry them off among them. They are observed to be very watchful of their common safety. While the herd is feeding, one of their number is placed as centinel on an eminence; when danger of any kind approaches, he warns his fellows by neighing, and they all betake themselves to flight, with the utmost velocity. Yet, the Kalmuks frequently surprize them, ride in among the herds, on very fleet tame horses, and kill them with broad lances. Hawks are also used in taking the wild horses; those birds are taught to fix on the forehead of the quadruped, where they teize and distress it in such

ing against the rebels, in 1715, died at Pennycuick, only in the year 1760; and must consequently have been, at the time of his death, more than fifty years old.

a manner as to prevent it from escaping its pursuer.

We are told by a celebrated traveller, that he had once occasion to see a garment very speedily made, out of the skin of a dead horse. A young man, naked, received the skin on his shoulders, as soon as it was fairly separated from the carcase. A woman, who performed the office of taylor, immediately cut the skin so as to fit it to the different parts of his body; and then sewed it about him while it was still raw; and the youth was accordingly, in less than two hours, now clad in an excellent *brown-bay* coat.

The horses of Arabia and Barbary are often brought into Europe; and through all the countries of the east they are highly prized. The Persian horses are said to be not inferior to some of our finest European horses; yet still the Arabian horses are esteemed preferable to them. The horses of India are far from being of a good kind: they are extremely small; and Tavernier relates, that when he visited that part of the east, the young Mogul prince, who was about seven or eight years of age, used to appear in public, mounted on a small horse, elegantly shaped, the size of which was not larger than that of a grey hound. In India, therefore, the Arabian horses are very much sought after. The horses of Barbary have been introduced into Italy and Spain. The Spanish genetie is much esteemed. This variety of the horse is small, but beautifully shaped, and very swift: The head is rather large in proportion to the body; the mane thick; the ears long, but well pointed; the legs finely shaped, and almost without hair, the pastern rather beyond proportion large; and the hoof rather too high. They are usually of a black or bay colour. The Italian horses are not,

at present, in the same estimation in which they once were. They are of a large size, and high-spirited, and move very graceful; they are much disposed to prance. The Danish horses are excellent for the draught. They are stout and well built; but seldom elegant, or finely proportioned. They move well; and accordingly make good war horses. They are all of different colours; sometimes streaked like the tyger, or spotted like the leopard. The German horses are originally of the Arabian and the Barbary breed. They are, however, small, ill-shaped, and weak, and have tender hoofs: But the Hungarian horses are excellent for both the draught and the saddle. The Dutch horses are preferred for the draught, through Europe.

The English horses are at present esteemed through Europe, more perhaps than those of any other country. The attention paid, in our island, to the culture of this species of animals, and the vast sums expended on studs and horse-races, must naturally produce this effect.

The horse, as being a martial animal, was dedicated to the god of war. The Persians, Armenians, and Masagetæ, sacrificed horses to the sun. The Suevi, according to Tacitus, maintained white horses in the sacred woods at the public charge, and from them drew omens. The sight of a horse, according to the poet Virgil, was generally considered as ominous of war.

ON THE PRESENT INHUMAN MODE OF SLAUGHTERING CATTLE.

THE mode of slaughtering cattle, &c. in this country, greatly outrages humanity, and is discreditable to those who have the power to re-

dress it. It is the current practice to bleed calves to death for the purpose of whitening the meat, and the process evinces ingenuity in torture. An incision is made in the throat, and the animal is hung by the heels to a beam, while yet alive, and convulsed with pain, one end of a short iron hook is stuck in the body near the tail, and the other in the mouth, for the purpose of bending the neck, and opening the wound, and in this state the poor beast remains, sometimes for hours, before it dies.—The mode of felling oxen, although less objectionable, is still unnecessarily barbarous. The writer of this article has seen an ox, with its head almost shattered to pieces, five several times break from the butcher, after receiving as many blows. The subject is so painful and so disgusting, that the multitude have not decision enough to credit it, and thus it happens that either with cruel indifference they submit to the abuse, or with mistaken notions of necessity, silence the pleadings of humanity.

Lord Somerville, to whom society is much indebted for his benevolent and patriotic endeavours to promote useful knowledge, took with him to Lisbon a person to be instructed in the Portuguese method of slaying oxen, or, as it is there termed, from the mildness of the process, “to lay down cattle.”—The butcher stands in front of the animal, and holding the right horn in his left hand, passes a sharp pointed knife, about six inches in the blade, over its brow, through the vertibræ of the neck into the spine, and in an instant it is dead. His Lordship has engaged to have our slaughtering butchers here instructed in this practice, but they, with all the ignorant pertinacity and prejudice to be expected from such a class, decline the offer, and we fear will continue to do

so, unless the legislature or the community, by appropriate resolutions, should coerce its adoption.

ANECDOTES OF THE CZAR PETER OF RUSSIA.

PETER the Great, desirous of forming useful establishments in his dominions, and of encouraging those already existing, visited the different work-shops and manufactories with much assiduity. —Among others, were the forges of Muller, at Istia, on the road to Kalouga, at ninety wersts distance from Moscow. He once passed a whole month there, during which time he drank chalybeate waters; and after having given due attention to the affairs of the state, which he never neglected; he amused himself with not only seeing and examining every thing in the most minute manner, but also with putting his hand to the work, and learning the business of a blacksmith. He succeeded so well, that one of the last days of this excursion, he forged alone eighteen poods of iron (the pood is equal to forty pounds), and put his own particular mark on each bar. The *boyars* and other *noblemen* of his suite were obliged to *blow the bellows*, to *stir the fire*, to *carry coals*, and perform all the other offices of *journeymen blacksmiths*.

Some days after, on his return to Moscow, he went to see Verner Muller, bestowed great praise on his establishment, and asked him how much he gave per pood for iron in bars, furnished by a *master blacksmith*. "Three copacks, or an altin," answered Muller. "Well, then," said the Czar, "I have earned eighteen altins, and am come to be paid." Muller immediately opened his bureau, took out eighteen ducats, and counting them before the prince, "It is the least," said he, "that

can be given to such a workman as your majesty :” but the emperor refused them ; “ Take again your ducats,” said he, “ and pay me the usual price ; I have worked no better than another blacksmith, and this will serve to buy me a pair of shoes, of which I am in great want ;” at the same time his majesty shewed him those he wore, which had already been soled, and stood in need of another repair. He took the eighteen altins, went directly to a shop, bought a pair of shoes, and took great pains in showing them on his feet, saying to those who were present, “ I have earned them well, by the sweat of my brow, with *hammer* and *anvil*.”

Peter, after having brought the Swedish war to a glorious conclusion, determined to avail himself of the troubles in Persia, and to march against the Sophy. He discovered his design to none but the empress, and his favourite, Menchicoff, with whom he was quite alone. “ I have entrusted my secret ” said he, “ to none but you, and forbid you to speak of it to any one.” Some days after, being alone with one of his dentcht chicks, and meditating on the means of executing his great design with success, he asked if there were any news : “ None, Sire, except that we are going to march against the Persians.” “ What,” replied the emperor, with surprise, “ March against the Persians ! Tell me, immediately, from whom you had that falsity ! ” — “ From the empress’s parrot, Sire ; I heard it yesterday, while I was in the anti-chamber, repeat several times, *Ei Persi padiom* we will march into Persia.” Peter sent immediately for Prince Menchicoff to attend him to the apartment of the empress, and told them both, that as the secret he had entrusted to them was divulged, he insisted on knowing to whom they had mentioned it.

Catharine and Menchicoff protested they had not opened their mouths on the subject. The Czar, convinced of their innocence, turned towards the parrot.

"Here," said he, "is the traitor; it was one of my dentcht chicks who told me. In our conversation we frequently said, *we will march into Persia*, and the rogue has remembered and repeated it. You must remove him from your apartment," added he to the empress, laughing, "for it is necessary that we should be on our guard both against *traitors and babblers*."

CUSTOMS, MANNERS, RELIGION, &c. OF THE ANGOLANS.

[From Damberger's Travels in the Interior of Africa. Just published.]

THE kingdom of Angola extends fourteen days journey from east to west, and ten from north to south. The face of the country is alternately varied with mountains, bare rocks, fertile vales, and the finest pastures, which offer the inhabitants competency and superfluity, were they not too lazy to enjoy the blessings nature bestows, caring for their daily sustenance alone. The country is intersected by many small rivers, besides the great river Bambe, which forms the northern boundary between this kingdom and that of Congo, and waters with its numerous branches the adjacent countries. To the east Angola is bounded by the kingdom of Matamba, to the south by Benguela and Sova, and to the west by the sea.

This country produces saltpetre, silver, tin, and a great quantity of ivory, all which the Portuguese endeavour to purchase, as also a great quantity of skins of all sorts. It is one of the richest

countries in beasts of all kinds, and affords its inhabitants the means of subsistence without much labour. Of the elephant and rhinoceros it seems, as it were, the native home, for they are met with in large herds: but the breeding of cattle is not in repute, the flesh of wild beasts being generally eaten.

The kings of Angola were formerly subject to the sovereigns of Congo; but the present king separated from them, asserted his liberty, and thus obtained the love and veneration of his subjects, insomuch that women and children take the field whenever war is declared against him. He has also a court, consisting of twenty-four *manis*, fifty priests, and two hundred and fifty soldiers armed with muskets, which they use with great dexterity, and which were taken in a sudden attack made on the Portuguese in 1763. Each city is superintended by two *manis*, and every village by one; who, however, cannot judge any cause, but must make a report to the king, and receive his decision. At this time the king was about thirty-six years old, wore long blue breeches and a red cloak, made of bad materials. He is an enemy to the Portuguese, and to all Christians; he therefore restrains their liberty of trading in his territories, and seems only waiting a proper opportunity entirely to prohibit their entering his dominions.

The military force consists of fifty thousand well-disciplined infantry, but there is no cavalry, owing to the scarcity of horses, their increase being prevented by the great number of wild beasts. Buffaloes are used for military operations, and to carry the baggage.

The king generally gives audience in the open air, surrounded by his body guard, and officers holding drawn swords in their hands. These latter

he calls *fidalgos**, and the former *moçarani* (the best soldiers), though they never fight in the field. The priests, who are called *evanga*, are next in rank to the king; and after them is the *tambocado*, or chief justice, before whom the *manis* are obliged to lay their reports for further investigation, after which this officer lays them before the king, or causes them to be presented by the priests.

The Angolans do not pray to idols, though they worship the sun and moon as the supreme divinities; and each change of the latter is celebrated as a holiday, when no one can go a hunting. Days of penitence, however, are appointed when storms arise; for then they say the great lord is angry. On these occasions they refrain from all food, and quit their huts, especially when it thunders during the night; lying down with their faces on the ground till the storm is past. The harvest-feast continues three days, and is celebrated with the greatest rejoicings. The Angolans are pagans, yet circumcision prevails; and there are huts devoted to the service of God, where, on the days appointed by the priests, religious assemblies are held.

The regulation of domestic affairs is very simple; and although nature has provided wild beasts of numerous species, and various kinds of fruit, yet the inhabitants live very poorly. Agriculture is pursued in very few places, but barley, Indian corn, and a species of millet, are sown, and the gourds and water-melons are also very good. Of muscles the inhabitants are extremely fond, and travel many miles to seek them.

Marriages are here attended with many ceremonies. A priest blesses the young couple, who

* A Portuguese word, signifying noblemen.

sit upon the ground, with certain forms which no one understands, then walks several times round them with a staff, and drives the evil spirits away. The family then light a fire, in which this staff is burnt to ashes, and being mixed in milk, is blessed by the priest and swallowed by the young couple. This is done to favour fecundity, and avert various evils. Polygamy is permitted and customary; but open divorces are not allowed, although many women are compelled by ill-treatment to leave their husbands.

Children are here carefully brought up, being instructed by the priests in writing, and in the laws and religion of the country. For paper the Angolans use the skin of a beast, covered with soot and fat, and for pens they employ a sharp-pointed bone. Instruction is given in the open air; and I observed that the children are here much more attentive than in many German schools. All boys belong to the king, who causes them, when grown up, to be taught the use of arms, for which the father receives a certain bounty; as for example, to every one that brings in a grown-up son, a year's subsistence is given. To provide for this heavy expence, the king takes a third of the produce of the chace, of all booty, of the harvest, and of all other gains.

The dress of the Angolans is very various; many of them only wearing aprons of palm-leaves, and others adding an ash-coloured cloak, made of bad cloth or linen, purchased of the Portugueze. Others wear skins of various beasts on their backs. Their hair is not long, but curly, and they adorn it with muscle-shells, chaplets, and other ornaments purchased of the Portugueze. They paint their cheeks blue or red; and, their nails being never cut, the fingers of those, who, in order to make a

brilliant appearance in public, secure them from accidents, resemble the talons of an eagle.

Towards the natives of Africa the Angolans are very hospitable, but to Christians they will not give a night's lodging, nor do they willingly permit them to enter their country; to avoid which, they carry the merchandize to be exchanged to the Portuguese, and bring back what they purchase. The Portuguese factories of Loanda and Gambaba are also obliged to send envoys twice a year to the king, at his residence called Manpango, to appease him in some degree, as he will not suffer so many of his subjects to be kidnapped and enslaved. But should an alliance, that has been projected, be formed between this prince and the king of Mataman, the Portuguese may, in all probability, be treated in this country as they were at Japan.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

[The Proprietors flatter themselves that this improvement in their Work will prove a source of much interest and entertainment to their Young Readers.]

ENIGMAS FOR SOLUTION.

1.

I CONTAIN many gallons of drink;
 Yet I often am held to the lip;
 Scarce Goliath could lift me, you'd think;
 And yet I can hold but a sip.

From the top of your house I descend;
 And under the pavement I crawl;
 I furnish whole cities with drink;
 Yet seldom they see me at all.

I often am found in a cellar;
 I often am seen on a table;
 I travel by sea many leagues;
 To move I am wholly unable.

Sweet tunes I've been famous for whistling;
 Your wants I full often supply;
 In the Exchequer I'm very well known;
 I start, and I burst, and I die.



2.

YE wits say what I am, and whence I came!
 You'll then allow I'm not unknown to fame.
 Like many more of sublunary race,
 From terra firma I my birth can trace;
 Yet I'm not only to one source confin'd,
 But of various subtle parts combin'd;
 Composed of fossil and metallic ore,
 And partly form'd from vegetable store:
 Tho' I'm as fragile as the frozen snow,
 I'm as elastic as the archer's bow:
 In a deep dungeon I am brought to light,
 And phoenix like from ashes rise more bright:
 My beauteous form is often wrought so fair,
 With every sparkling gem it may compare,
 In colour vying with each vivid hue,
 The bow of Iris e'er extends to view:
 Yet do I oft so flark and dismal seem,
 I scarcely can admit the noontide beam:
 My shining plumes adorn the youthful fair,
 By waving graceful o'er their auburn hair.
 I'm solid or I'm fluid, as you please,
 And change from each to each with greatest ease.
 Through me you oft behold the lapse of time,
 As pleased you ramble in each vary'd clime.
 Tho' prophets have so long been out of date,
 I good or bad foretell, as sure as fate:
 In necromantic art seem to deal,
 And things far distant to your view reveal:

A giant to a dwarf can also change,
 And vice-versa, as the world I range.
 Now all these wond'rous mysteries to clear,
 And under mask no longer to appear,
 Ye who have conn'd o'er every tedious line,
 In me behold "the human face divine.



3.

IN wealth I abound; in water I stand;
 As a fencer I'm valued all over the land;
 At Venice I'm famous; by farmers I'm priz'd;
 Respected by law, yet by huntsmen despised;
 Consternation and ruin ensue when I break;
 And the beasts of the forest advantage on't take.



4.

I INHABIT a forest; I dwell in a city;
 For mischief I'm famous, and reckon it witty;
 The watch I assail; dogs are my sworn foes;
 My powers of cleansing the laundress well knows.



5.

A WONDERFUL subject, fair ladies, I treat,
 A prophet surprising, an oracle great;
 Not the wandering Jew on his journey so long;
 No impostor my hero, no fiction my song.
 Tho' honest his birth, his sire he ne'er knew,
 And milk from the breast of his mother ne'er drew:
 Bare-headed he travels, and, like the grey-friars,
 Marches barefoot along, without fear of the briars.
 In the nursery often no doubt you have heard
 The wonderful tale of the cruel Blue Beard,
 (Let no one the legend so simple disown,
 Squire Colman hath told it to babies full-grown,
 And on wicker-work elephant, Abomelique
 Hath diverted the lovers of pantomime trick),
 My hero, of aspect so fierce and so dread,
 Exhibits a beard that is perfectly red.

Then his garment of colours so various is made,
'Twould baffle the art of the fancy-dress trade;
Neither spun, wove, nor knit, is his raiment so fine,
Nor of silk, hair, nor linen its texture divine.
Strong liquors with more than Mahometan care
He abstains from, his diet is simple and spare:
No teeth has our prophet, and yet he will eat
The hardest of crusts, and think it a treat.
In glittering riches he never takes pleasure,
But looks with contempt upon jewels and treasure.
Cincinnatus of old, in his straw-cover'd home,
Disdain'd the proud tables of delicate Rome:
And our hero, without hesitation the least,
Will dine in a barn, and refuse a king's feast.
Without sword or staff all his travels are made,
Yet he of his enemies is not afraid.
The abuse of the wicked he patiently bears,
And as for religion, lets all men keep theirs;
Yet, as far as is now of his character known,
Like many of his professors, has none of his own:
In all my researches I never did learn
That the grave inquisition could force him to turn;
Indeed it appears that the Papists befriend him;
With Protestants, tortures full often attend him.
When, fatigued with the toils of the day, he repairs
To his chamber so gloomy, no taper he bears,
And, despising all luxury, rests not his head
On the pillow so downy, his limbs on the bed;
But, erect on his feet, or reclined on the ground,
No dreams e'er disturb him, his slumbers are sound.
When the voice of his prophecy echoes around,
The children of men are aroused by the sound:
And, as if he infallible was as the Pope,
On a sudden their doors and their windows they ope.
If mankind to the pattern he sets would attend,
He might prove to reforming their manners a friend;
Since he's known for a powerful reprove of wrong.
Be sober like him, and existence prolong.
Consider his age: with Noah he dwelt,
In the wonderful ark which the patriarch built

He's a stranger to Hebrew, and Latin and Greek,
And none of the languages living can speak;
Yet is well understood by every nation,
When with voice so alarming he makes proclamation.
In French as a singer this prophet's set down;
At the sound of his music there's stir in a town.
To Rome's proto bishop he once preach'd a sermon,
Drew tears from his eyes, and made him determine
No more to pretend to infallible knowledge,
Tho' reckon'd the head of Rome's holy college.



6.

At me crowds assemble;
At me thousands tremble;
I'm gaiety's friend;
I to life put an end;
In the air I'm toss'd high;
Fraught with ruin I fly;
For dancing I'm fam'd;
For murder oft blam'd;
I'm frequent in duels;
I oft display jewels;
I'm in work-baskets found;
I in battles abound;
I describe the whole earth;
I occasion much mirth;
That I'm found in your eye,
And your thumb, don't deny.



7.

Horns tho' I wear, in yonder sky
Astronomers have plac'd me high;
The seeds of cruelty I nourish;
And 'mongst Hibernia's children flourish.



VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgements as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

DRURY LANE.

DEC. 22. **T**HIS evening a new Pantomime, called, "HARLEQUIN-AMULET; or, THE MAGIC OF MONA," was brought forward, which met with little encouragement from the audience.—There was some charming music, and an overture, combining science, effect, and great taste.—Byrne as the Harlequin, deserves mention; his steps were executed with astonishing neatness—and Miss B. Menage's Columbine was a very sprightly attempt.

JAN. 3, 1801. **KING LEAR** this evening attracted a numerous audience at an early hour—it has been got up under the direction of Mr. Kemble with every possible attention, who, as Lear, displayed considerable interest and feeling—his performance throughout, evinced a careful, steady, and nice discrimination—and the high tokens of applause

he received, crowned his exertions with the greatest success—much as we admire the talents of Mrs. Siddons, we do not, however, think them well suited to the youthful simplicity of Cordelia—Wroughton's Kent, possessed all the “rough honesty” requisite for the part—and the Edgar of Barrymore, received flattering testimonies of approbation—C. Kemble's Edmund, was a charming performance, and Mrs. Powell, and Mrs. Humphries, as Regan and Goneril, were very respectable.

JAN. 7 Goldsmith's admirable comedy “*SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER*”—was this evening represented to a genteel audience, with great success—Mrs. Sontley played Miss Hard Castle, with an agreeable simplicity—Miss Neville, by Miss De-Camp, was every thing that could be wished—and Bannister's Tony was truly laughable—the remaining characters were well suited and performed, and the whole went off with uncommon *eclat*.

Amongst the many judicious revivals at this Theatre, there are few likely to afford more general satisfaction than *Inle and Yarico*.—Kelly, with his accustomed taste, has added some pretty music to this opera, and given increased occasion to Mrs. Crouch for the display of her sweet powers.

COVENT GARDEN.

DEC. 17. **B**EN Johnson's celebrated comedy of Every Man in his Humour, was brought forward this evening, and received with uncommon applause.—We have before had much reason to applaud Mr. Cook's various performances,

and on this evening he is entitled to more than ordinary praise, for his excellent acting in the part of Kately, which he sustained with the most critical propriety.—The irritations of a jealous mind, were finely drawn, and given with the most happy effect—Fawcett's Bobadil was highly entertaining, and the genuine humour of this actor appeared to great advantage—Knight's Master Stephen, was a careful and characteristic performance—and Brainworm, in the hands of Munden, met with an able representative—Old Knowell—Young Knowell—Wellbred—Downright—Justice—Clement—Master Matthew—and Cash by Murray, Brunton, H. Johnston, Waddy, Emeny, Simmons, and Farley, deserve much praise, and Bridget and Dame Kately by Mrs. St. Ledger, and Miss Chapman, were ably performed.

Dec. 20. A gentleman, of whose literary and medical talents much has been said, made his first appearance this evening in the character of *Othello*. We are sorry it is not in our power to add to his fame, by complimenting him on *this* occasion. In justice we must, however, say that his performance was not disgraced by a "glaring impropriety of speech," but was throughout what might be expected from a scholar and a gentleman. This we could applaud, was it not our duty to judge the actor, not the man, but as the former he was very defective. "Vanity, and the request of friends," we fear, forced him into a path, which for his credit sake, we wish he had avoided, and we regret to see his name added to the numerous list of unsuccessful candidates for dramatic fame.

22. First time, a pantomime called Harlequin's Tour; or, The Dominion of Fancy, invented by Dibdin, jun. assisted by young Bologna. To give a long description of the plot is unnecessary, it

being in the common track of this kind of performance.—Harlequin having a rival in love, which after the usual difficulties, he triumphs over, and obtains the hand of Columbine. The scenery is particularly beautiful, and the following are executed with great taste and truth:—A charming, and truly fanciful representation of the Regions of Fancy, by *Hollogan* and *Cresswell*—Margate Pier—Ulswater Lake, and a Forest Landscape—*Richard's*—Tunbridge Wells, Scarborough, and Weymouth—*Phillip's*—Road from Margate to Tunbridge, *Hollogan*—Bath—and Deighton's Printshop, Charing-Cross, *Lupino*, and the concluding scene of Fancy's Pavilion, by *Whitmore*, is brilliant in the extreme. The machinery and tricks are curious, and managed with skill and dexterity.

And in the decorative part no expence has been spared to render the piece worthy the attention of the public. Young Bologna and Mrs. Mills deserve much praise; they each displayed wonderful agility, and L. Bologna, Bologna, sen. Simmons, Delpini, King and Simpson, were perfectly at home. The Music by Moorhead and Attwood, is very pretty, and well adapted to the action; and the whole was received with very favourable applause.

Jan. 3, 1801. The School for Prejudice, in five acts, altered from a piece very favourably received, brought out at this theatre last season, called Liberal Opinions, was for the first time produced this evening. The plot has undergone little alteration, but the additions to the respective characters are very judiciously managed, and render the piece more clear and interesting. It is from the prolific and successful pen of Dibdin, jun. It was given out for a second representation with general applause.

Jan. 21. Their Majesties and the five Princesses were present this evening, at the performance of the SCHOOL FOR PREJUDICE, and HARLEQUIN'S TOUR. The house was crowded on the occasion, and the royal party, on their entrance, were, as usual, most warmly greeted, and were attended by their customary suite, with many persons of distinction. The Queen was elegantly dressed in a silver gauze, with a coquelcoat robe, diamond stomacher, and brilliant helmet cap. The Princesses were all in silver gauze, and the head-dress of each displayed a profusion of diamonds, with white feathers. The whole appeared both splendid and beautiful, and the royal visitors were in excellent health, and high spirits.

JAN. 27. The *Stranger* was performed for the first time at this Theatre for the benefit of Mr. Cooke, who appeared in the person of the *Stranger*.—The characters throughout were well supported, and met with general applause.—Mr. Cooke, as the *Stranger*, did every possible justice to the part; Mrs. Litchfield, whose promising talents are daily improving, received the approbation of an admiring audience, as did also Mr. Murray's *Old Man*.—It was succeeded by Catharine and Patrucci, which went off with the usual *eclat*; after which Mr. Cooke recited Garrick's Ode to Shakspeare, which would have been very impressive, but for the hoarseness of his voice, which was much increased by his exertion in the former part of the evening. The vocal accompaniments were delightful.—This benefit was given to Mr. Cooke, by the Manager, free of all expence, which produced upwards of 500*l*.

Covent-Garden has hitherto had an uncommonly productive season; *Life*, and the new pantomime, hold their attraction; and Cooke on each performance rises in public estimation. This gentleman has of late experienced a very severe indisposition, but, we are happy to add, that by the best medical assistance, he is now sufficiently recovered to resume his attendance at the theatre; the very great exertions necessary in the personification of some of his characters is said to have been the cause.

Miss Martyr, daughter of the actress of that name, is under the able tuition of Madame Mara at Bath, and bids fair to become a distinguished performer in the musical world. She is expected to make her appearance before a London audience at the ensuing Lent Oratorios.

A young lady of the name of Payne made her *debut* at the Norwich theatre lately, in *Letitia Hardy*, and met with the most flattering reception of any actress that has appeared on those boards for some years.

Mrs. MERRY is so great a favorite in America, that she is not in the least inclined to return to this Country, and has declined very liberal overtures from the Covent-garden Manager.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,
FOR JANUARY, 1801.

ODE
FOR THE
NEW YEAR, 1801.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

I.

FROM delug'd earth's usurp'd domain,
When ocean sought his native bed,
Emerging from the shrinking main
Rear'd many a mountain isle its head;
Encircled with a billowy zone,
Fair freedom mark'd them for her own,
"Let the vast continent obey
"A ruthless master's iron sway;
"Uncheck'd by aught from pole to pole,
"Where swoln ambition's torrents roll,
"Those seats to tyrants I resign;
"Here be my blest abode, the island reign be mine."

II.

Hating the fane, where freedom sat enshrin'd,
Grasping at boundless empire o'er mankind;
Behold from Susa's distant towers
The eastern despot sends his mighty powers.
Grecia, thro' all her rocky coast,
Astonish'd views the giant host:

Not the fam'd Straight, by bleeding heroes barr'd,
 Nor Cecrop's walls, her hallow'd altars guard;
 While each bold inmate of the isles,
 On inroads baffled effort smiles.
 From every port, with cheering sound,
 Swells the vindictive Pæan round;
 And Salamis' proud, from her sea-girt shore,
 Sees o'er the hostile fleet the indignant surges roar.

III.

Fiercer than Persia's scept' red lord;
 More numerous than the embattled train,
 Whose thirsty swarms the sea broad rivers drain,
 Lo! Gallia's plains disgorge their maddening horde!
 Wide o'er Europa's trembling lands,
 Victorious speed the murderous bands;
 Where'er they spread their powerful sway,
 Fell desolation marks their way:
 Unhurt, amid a warring world alone,
 Britannia sits secure, firm on her island throne.

IV.

When thunders war, when light'nings fly,
 When howling tempests shake the sky,
 Is more endear'd the shelt'ring dome,
 More sweet th' social joys of home;
 Fondly her eye, lo! Albion throws
 On the tried partner of her weal and woes:
 Each tie to closer union draws,
 By mingled rights and mingled laws;
 Then turns averse from Gallia's guilty field,
 And tears, with gen'rous pride, the lilies from her
 shield.

V.

Albion and Erin's kindred race,
 Long as your sister isles the seas embrace,
 Long as the circling tides your shores that lave,
 Waft your united banners o'er the wave;
 Wide thro' the deep, commercial wealth to spread,
 Or hurl destruction on the oppressor's head:
 May Heav'n, on each unconquer'd nation, show'r
 Eternal concord, and encreasing pow'r!

And, as in history's awful page,
 Immortal virtue shall proclaim
 To every clime, thro' ev'ry age,
 Imperial George's patriot fame;
 That parent care shall win her warmest smiles,
 Which rear'd, mid' ocean's reign, the Empire of the
 Isles!

LINES

*On seeing the Sun set December 31, 1800, the last Day of
 the 18th Century.*

SEE where it sets! the glorious sun,
 Which has another century run:
 Mark, as his chariot sinks away
 Bright in the west, what splendors play!
 Thus, beaming glory as he flies,
 Age after age, he sweeps the skies;
 Thus, bright as when he first arose,
 With undiminish'd heat he glows,
 And bears aloft, as centuries turn,
 Through heaven's wide arch his flaming urn!
 To trace his path, on tip-toe stand
 The *minutes*, an unresting band,
 With viewless wings, and transient forms,
 Onward they rush, in countless swarms,
 Not one returns, a ceaseless throng,
 A constant flood, they pour along;
 Nor ought in heaven or earth impedes
 The march, which undisturb'd proceeds;
 No chasm breaks the shining chain,
 And, plac'd in order, through the train,
 Like chiefs of each successive band,
 The *hours* and *days* all marshall'd stand;
 With larger plumes the *weeks* appear,
 And *months* more stately fill the year!

Thus, since at first JEHOVAH's voice
 Bid chaos with new light rejoice,

(And, while the sons of glory sung,
The balanc'd earth on *nothing* hung),
With speed unceasing, full of prime,
Have march'd the bands of hoary *time* ;
And thus, till time itself is o'er,
And suns and planets blaze no more,
While years and centuries roll away,
The glorious march shall never stay.

Genius of light, celestial name !
Thron'd on thine orb of central flame !
Oft, as these *hundred* years have past,
Of which this day has been the last:
Hast thou, on thy high throne reclin'd,
Survey'd the miseries of mankind.

Again, bright messenger of God !
Again, thy glories set in blood ;
The madd'ning world is still in arms,
Still Europe shakes with loud alarms.
Still round her oft ensanguin'd shores,
The tumult of destruction roars ;
Still *pride* and *avarice*, imps of hell,
The *rulers* of our race impel,
To arm their rude and wretched slaves,
And send whole nations to their graves.

The frowning heaven's oppose in vain,
Not *winter* can their rage restrain,
Not *frozen hills* abate that rage,
On fields of *ice* the troops engage ;
The work of death no storm impedes,
'Midst *showers* of *snow* the battle bleeds.
Ah ! how defil'd its fleecy white ;
The pitying sun avoids the sight,
His mourning face he turns away,
And blots with gloomy clouds the day.

Almighty sov'reign of the sun !
Whose will in heaven and earth is done ;
In pity stop the sanguine tide ;
O let the wrath of man subside ;

Bid to its sheath the sword return,
And rescu'd nations cease to mourn.
Soon may the rising *century* see,
The groaning world from carnage free;
Great source of everlasting love!
Send down from heaven the holy dove,
For ever, from the human heart,
Bid pride and black revenge depart;
And with eternal olives bind,
The hands and hearts of all our kind.

Sidmouth,
Jan. 1, 1801.

B.

ON THE

RUINS OF A RELIGIOUS HOUSE.

HAIL, awful pile! by pious hands uprear'd,
To pale misfortunes sorrowing sons endear'd,
Where oft the bleeding heart, from day to day,
Wept o'er its woes, and sigh'd itself away—
While pensive o'er thy fall'n remains I tread,
And mark the ruins of thy glory fled,
The joy mantled tow'rs that round me rise,
The chasms thro' which thy own sad genius sighs,
The broken arches, the deserted shrines,
The solemn gloom, where scarce a sun-beam shines,
My soul detests the blind infuriate rage,
Which, while it crush'd the abuses of the age,
Dar'd too on thee its impious hands to lay,
And sweep thy country's ornament away.
No more, alas! a refuge here is found,
No more the pitying fathers melt around,
No more compassion soothes the tortur'd breast,
No more submission makes those tortures blest,
No more within thy walls devotion dwells,
No more the anthem's solemn cadence swells,
No more, with transport beaming in his eye,
While yet on earth, the inmate of the sky,
Th' impatient spirit waits the wish'd-for lot,
Where time and care are with their griefs forgot.

Where, once in works of tenderness and love,
 The transcripts of the gentle Jesus strove,
 And sympathy would oft its vigils keep
 By the pale wretch, and weep with them that weep;
 Where oft the hallow'd taper in his hand,
 Beside th' expiring saint, the saint would stand,
 Pour on the soul the sweet celestial balm,
 Which Gilead drops, our terrors to becalm,
 Lift to the cross the languid dying eye,
 Mark what he taught, and learn himself to die.

There dreary solitude in silence dwells,
 Unthrong'd the aisles, untenanted the cells;
 And where the tranquil group would council hold,
 And where their beads the pious fathers told,
 And where the cares that wring my breast forgot,
 How pray'r would sooth, how praise sublime their lot;
 A death-like stillness holds its solemn reign,
 Nor aught presumes its empire to arraign,
 Save when the melancholy birds of night,
 With shrill response to deeds of death invite;
 Save when the daw, with pertly clam'rous sound,
 Wheels sportively thy battlements around,
 And oft, at eve, th' affrighted zephir moans,
 Sighs in the blast, or in the tempest groans,
 Ah! me that naught beneath the spangled vault,
 Can 'scape th' unhallow'd sceptics rude assault,
 That sorrow's pittance earn'd with many a tear,
 The courtly ruffian's avarice could not spare—
 Good God! how long shall suff'ring man lament
 A blessing promis'd, but a scorpion sent!
 How long shall wrathful vengeance thus delay,
 To crush the traitor, and avenge the prey?

Where now shall pining anguish hide its head?
 Where find the peace thy friendly roof would shed?
 Where shall this breaking heart for refuge fly,
 The world renounce, and all its spight defy?
 Alas! of all our pious fathers pains,
 Not e'en one lonely sanctu'ry remains;
 O'erwhelm'd in reformation's frantic tide,
 The wreck alone frowns dark on ev'ry side,

Their bosoms bar'd to ev'ry ruffian blast,
 Their plunder'd spoils 'mid courtly minions cast;
 Alike of tenants and of means bereft,
 To prompt, but not to hush my sighs, is left.
 —O, had th' unhappy——lot been cast,
 In distant days, ere yet thy noon was past;
 Ere folly yet its blasting course had run,
 Or Henry's guilt his country's pride undone;
 Thine, then, perhaps, had been the task divine,
 To cheer, to heal this bleeding breast of mine,
 Some kindred mind, long on the tempest toss'd,
 Whose pangs, but not whose sympathy, was lost,
 With tender interest had my soul explor'd,
 And on its wounds compassion's balsam pour'd,
 Bath'd with its tears my fainting dying heart,
 Now lull'd its woe, now taught to bear the smart.

O could I now my weary footsteps bend,
 To climes where yet thy kindred spires ascend,
 Perhaps some frowning Alp, some dreary dell,
 Might yield to wretchedness like mine, a cell;
 Perhaps, where vast St. Lawrence rapid tides,
 Torn from its native shores, Montreal divides,
 Some gen'rous foe, no more by injury wrung,
 No more by native hate and discord stung,
 Me to his cell with welcome kind wou'd greet,
 And, like a brother found, rejoicing meet;
 Dear thought! oh, how it lulls my tortur'd mind!
 In but a gleam of hope, what sweets we find!
 And are there yet beneath the starry rounds,
 Those who can feel for disappointment's wounds,
 Those who can relish pity's blest employ,
 And change the tears of grief to tears of joy?
 Yes, happy isle, in thy monastic shade,
 Ere long shall——hide his weary head,
 Resign each flatt'ring dream of bliss on earth,
 Resign the hope that gave th' illusions birth,
 Thy sons, with more exalted views impress'd,
 Shall root th' impoison'd passion from my breast,
 Point to more rich pursuits my active mind,
 And teach me where content and peace to find;

With them I'll run devotion's ardent race,
With them the ample range of science trace ;
Each shall with each in kindest cares contend,
And his the palm, who proves the gentlest friend ;
Thus shall our years their destin'd circles run,
Placid as sinks the summer's ev'ning sun,
Thus will we wait 'till that blest morn arise,
Which drops the curtain and unfolds the skies.
——'tis done—I go—across the distant main,
Content of mind, and ease of heart to gain ;
——'Tis well, should zephyrs waft me to *this* shore—
——'Twere better, should my bark be seen no more,
Then lodg'd in some unfathom'd cavern deep,
Tempests shall rock my restless cares to sleep,
While o'er my head th' arbor'ing corals meet,
And tangled weeds weave round my winding-sheet,
And hoarse and deep the floun'dring oceans swell,
Sounds thro' its caves my solemn—parting—fun'ral
knell.

THE
RIGHTS OF BOTH SEXES.

IN Woolstonecroft's page, *Bridget Bearwell* was
skill'd,
And her fancy with novel inventions was fill'd;
But Bridget improv'd on Miss Woolstonecroft's plan,
And projected some small revolution in man.
" 'Tis plain," she exclaim'd, " that the sexes should
share,
In each other's employments, amusements and cares.
I'm taught in man's duties and honours to join,
And, therefore, let man be partaker of mine:
Since to share with my husband in logic I'm fit,
In classical lore, mathematics, and wit;
In return, he shall yield the pot, kettle, and ladle,
And unite in the charge of the kitchen and cradle."
Thus Bridget resolv'd things in future should be,
As she dandled two twins, a week old, on her knee.

When her husband came home, she develop'd her plan,
And bade him begin those new duties of man :

" Henceforth, John," she cried, " our employments
are common,

Be woman like man, and be man like to woman;

Here, take up this child, John, and I'll keep his brother :

While I *wet-nurse* the one, you shall *dry-nurse* the other."

ACROSTIC

TO A

YOUNG LADY OF SIXTEEN.

MAKE much of time, 'tis ever on the wing,
Improve each hour, while life is in the spring,
Shun idle pleasures, follow wisdom's rule,
Strive to excel, and shine in virtue's school—
Judge not from outward shew of things that are,
All is not gold that glitters :—then beware !
Nor too much on your own opinion rest,
Experienc'd friends can give advice the best.

Employ your thoughts in learning how to sail
Life's troubled sea, and catch each fav'ring gale;
Exalt your mind, and fix a steady eye
Above this lower world, where pleasures die.
Nothing is constant in this changing scene,
Our noblest pleasures are at best terrene.
Riches and honour, health and beauty fade,
Years pass like clouds, time is but light and shade.
On all your paths may Heav'n its blessings show'r,
Unmask each snare, and give you ev'ry hour,
New cause to say, or sing, till life shall end,
God is my guardian, guide, and bounteous friend.

ONAS.

Literary Review.

Travels in the Interior of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope to Morocco, from the year 1781 to 1797, through Caffraria, the Kingdoms of Mataman, Angola, Massi, Monœmugi, Muschako, &c. likewise across the great Desert of Sahara, and the northern Parts of Barbary. Translated from the German of Christian Frederick Damberger. Illustrated by a map and coloured plates. Longman and Rees. 10s. 6d.

AFRICA, it is well known, is that quarter of the globe with which we are least acquainted. The divisions contained in geographical treatises are inaccurate, and the account of its inhabitants involved in great obscurity. Mr. Park indeed has lately thrown light on the subject, and our present author enters very fully into the business, by pointing out the boundaries, and delineating the manners of the several regions into which he penetrated. We therefore took up this work with an ardent curiosity, and we confess ourselves much gratified. There is an unaffectedness in the statement of facts that conciliates attention, and a simplicity in the general narration that affects the heart.

Mr Damberger is a native of Munster, in Germany, and having a turn for peregrination, he left his native home 1781, and reached Amsterdam, whence he embarked for the East Indies. At the Cape of Good Hope, being taken ill, he was left there, and, upon his recovery, got employed by a master, who was attached to him. The wife, however, used him very unkindly, which circumstance led him to think of desertion. He even meditated a flight *by land* to his own country. Accordingly he set out on this apparently mad journey, and after years of peril and toil, he saw accomplished the favourite wishes of his heart. It is astonishing what the human mind is capable of performing when braced up by resolution and perseverance. Mountains disappear, and one wide level plain appears before the eyes of the resolute and undismayed traveller. Many evils have been endured, and many dangers incurred by former pilgrims, but none seem so great and numerous as those with which Damberger combated. He is a signal example among mankind of the success by which the most daring efforts are occasionally crowned.

Though Africa be divided into districts, or kingdoms, yet the towns are inconsiderable. Indeed they consist of a few huts thrown together, which they call *kraals*, constructed with the rudeness peculiar to savage tribes. Knowing something of the language, he was able, by the use of signs, to converse with most of them, and generally staid a few days amongst them. By some of the inhabitants he was used very roughly, by others as kindly; though he declares the women were uniformly kind and compassionate towards him: even when the men had beaten him almost dead with their clubs, they would come and bring him

milk, and sometimes green leaves, to heal his wounds. May this amiable trait of female excellence be remembered to their praise!—may this *characteristic* humanity of the fair sex in every nation under heaven be ever on our part crowned with an appropriate reward.

The sketch here given of the manners and customs of these savage tribes is highly entertaining. The various incidents related attract and gratify curiosity. His determined perseverance, and his dexterous escapes are replete with surprize and novelty. We some times almost wish we had been along with him, when, upon reflection, we deem ourselves much more happily situated by our fire sides in our own native country.

As to the translation, it appears to be well executed; there is an ease and a spirit in the style which engages and secures the attention. The *map* is drawn with neatness, and marks the route by which our author travelled. When any doubt was entertained respecting the situation of that part of the country through which he passed, that doubt is properly explained. The *plates* are pleasing, giving us an idea of the dress and appearance of the Africans, which are widely different from the dress and apperance of the civilized portion of the globe to which we have been accustomed.

For a specimen of these *travels* we refer the readers to the body of our miscellany, where they will find an extract with which they will be entertained.—This is a plan we intend to pursue in the future prosecution of our work. Thus, we shall always have it in our power to bring forward the most engaging parts of *new books*, and to introduce a far greater number of the books themselves into our review. Persuaded that this will be improvement, we may also assure our subscribers that our

sketch of new publications shall be given with candour and impartiality.

The Farmer's Boy, a Rural Poem, by Robert Bloomfield, new edition, 4s. 5s. 6d. 10s. 6d. 18s. boards. Vernor and Hood.

PASTORAL poetry has always attracted a great degree of attention, and its charms indeed are of a very conciliating kind. Nature in her various beauties cannot fail of administering pleasure and faithful representations of her will, and be sure of finding the way to the heart.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD was a lady's shoemaker, and worked in Coleman-street, where, in an obscure garret, this poem was written, with circumstances of peculiar recommendation. But the *life* of this extraordinary young man shall be given, with a *portrait*, in a future number. We shall at present confine ourselves to the poem itself, which has justly excited no small share of the public attention.

The writer, who was once a *farmer's boy*, has applied that appellation to his poem, and with great justice. A knowledge is every where shewn of rural customs and manners, which no individual could have obtained without being *practically* conversant with the subject. In this respect the author may in the delineation of certain articles be placed on the same shelf with the author of the *Seasons*. Obviousness of incident, neatness of imagery and felicity of expression, formed into easy and pleasant verse, are the leading traits in the work before us. Every page, and we had almost said every line, displays superior ability.

The poem is divided into four parts, stiled *Spring*, *Summer*, *Autumn*, and *Winter*. The general con-

tents of each portion shall be enumerated. A specimen will be given in our next.

The SPRING contains *invocation, seed-time, harrowing, morning walks, milking—the dairy, Suffolk cheese—Spring coming forth, sheep fond of changing, lambs at play, the butcher, &c.* Here we were particularly pleased with the milking—the satire on the Suffolk cheese, and the playing of the lambs—subjects which are treated by the poet with sprightliness and delicacy.

The SUMMER presents us with *turnip sowing, wheat ripening, sparrows, insects, the sky lark, reaping, harvest-field, dairy-maid, labours of the barn, the gander, night, a thunder-storm, harvest-home, reflections.* We were most impressed by the sky-lark, labours of the barn, and harvest home—traits very conspicuous in all rural scenery. The reflections also alluding to the situation of the poor are of a moral and instructive tendency.

AUTUMN consists of—Acorns, hogs in the wood, wheat sowing, the church, village girls, the mad girl, the bird's boy hut, disappointments, Euston-Hall, seat of the Duke of Grafton, fox-hunting, Old Trouncer, long nights, and a welcome to winter. Though many scenes are here well portrayed, yet the *mad girl* exceeds all the rest. It is drawn from an original, and hence the many affecting particulars by which it stands characterised. A note at the bottom of the page informs us that her name was *Mary Rayner*, and the place of her residence *Ixworth Thorp*. We should have been gratified, had we been favoured with some particulars of her history. It might have been placed in the appendix already attached to the work.

WINTER embraces—tenderness to cattle, frozen turnips, cow-yard, night, farm-house, fire-side, farmer's advice and instructions, nightly cares of

the stable, Dobbin, post-horses, sheep-stealing dogs, walks occasioned thereby, the ghost, lamb-time, returning spring, conclusion. In this part the *fire-side*, *post-horse*, and *ghost*, are the most impressive. The pictures are drawn with the high enthusiasm of sensibility. The wood-cuts are executed with elegance and accuracy. Such then is the *Farmer's Boy* characterised throughout by an exquisite variety. Scotland has her *Burns*, and now England has her *Bloomfield*. The patronage the latter has experienced does honour to the nation. We trust that the author and his family (for he has a wife and children) will reap substantial benefit from the bounty he has received.

The poem is introduced by an account of the author and his work, written by the ingenious Capel Lofft, which imparts a pleasing idea of his benevolence and humanity. The Proprietors also are entitled to great praise for the readiness which they discovered in bringing forward so deserving a publication. Such individuals not only encourage private merit, but may be pronounced benefactors to mankind. For want of such promptness, the poem called the *Grave*, and *Blair's Sermons* had like never to have seen the light—than which no two works have attained to a greater extent of popularity. The *Grave* was actually offered to several booksellers by the great Dr. Watts, yet they refused to hazard its publication. *Blair's Sermons* were on the point of being sent back to Scotland, had not Johnson taken the manuscript home, and then sent the bookseller a note concerning it, strongly expressive of his approbation. By means of a similar timidity, the *Farmer's Boy* might have remained in the garret, where it was penned, or have been consigned over to irretrievable obscurity. This circumstance, therefore, respect-

ing its publication, which we have already noticed, ought not to be forgotten. It is an example worthy the imitation of every bookseller, who either aspires to the patronage of genius, or wishes to deserve well of the community.

Retrospect of the Political World,

FOR JANUARY, 1801.

—The *patriot prince*, whose pious toils,
Sacred to science, liberty, and right,
And peace, thro' every age divinely bright
Shall shine, the boast and wonder of mankind.

MINSTREL.

IN this department of our Miscellany, we mean only to *glance*, in a few pages, at the affairs of Europe and of our own country. This will afford our readers a general idea of public matters, and few persons are so incurious as to be wholly indifferent to the state of the world around them.

The commencement of the *nineteenth century* forms a remarkable era in the great drama of the world. It is a period pregnant with the most important events. WAR, with its attendant horrors, has raged with uncommon fury.—The horizon, therefore, is darkened by storms, which excite awful sensations—but let us not despond, the epoch will certainly arrive, when the angry passions of men shall be laid asleep for ever! PEACE must appear at no great distance with balmy wings, and shed her choicest blessings on our country.

In the mean time, it is our duty to represent things *as they are*.—For this purpose, we shall continue to look around us with an attentive eye—we shall mark what seems most worthy of observation in the political hemisphere—and record it with brevity and impartiality.

At present, the most prominent feature in the political world, is the strange, and, in many respects, unaccountable conduct of the *Emperor of Russia*. PAUL was lately your good and faithful ally—now he is at once converted into the enraged and determined foe. He *was* united with us in opposing the progress of the French revolution. He *is*, at this instant, turning his back upon us, and indignantly frowning on every thing connected with this country. Some attribute this extraordinary change to our capture of Malta, which (because it commands the trade of the Levant) he wished to get into his possession. Others ascribe his enmity to a species of madness, with which, according to the best accounts, he is frequently afflicted. In this case, he must be pronounced an object of pity, and is entitled to our compassion. Certain it is, that anecdotes respecting him are circulated, which shew an outrageous eccentricity. In an inferior station his singularities might amuse, but placed in a station of such high responsibility, it is to be regretted that his designs and conduct should not be subjected to some wholesome regulations. But to whatever cause his hostility may be traced, the *British cabinet* are taking every possible means to chastise the insults we have received. The navy, in particular, has been strengthened by important accessions—and every nerve is now exerting to repel this capricious foe. A stroke is intended to be struck, by which the Russian trade must be greatly affected. It is, however, sincerely to be wished,

that some amicable accommodation might take place. The shedding of human blood ought never to be made but in cases of the most imperious necessity.

We are in a state of suspense respecting the *King of Prussia*, who has not yet fully explained himself respecting this out dispute with the northern powers—for it now appears to involve Sweden and Denmark. Should this monarch side with the Russian, our situation must be highly unpleasant. But, unacquainted with the maxims by which this crowned head may be governed, we pretend not to hazard an opinion on the subject. Time will develop the mystery.

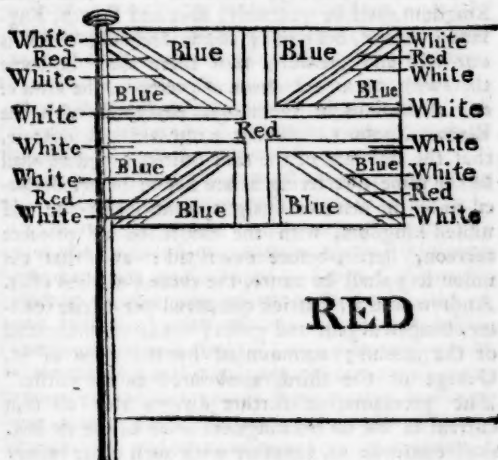
With respect to FRANCE, their late attempt on the life of BONAPARTE, their grand consul, has made great noise, and occupied much attention. Four persons have on this account been condemned to death, and *one hundred* are to be sent to Cayenne, in South America. As to the latter, it must excite indignation, to find that these unfortunate men should be transferred to this inhospitable region without a public trial. This is the extremity of injustice; and we condemn it the more severely, because it occurs in a country where the warmest zeal has been expressed for the preservation of the liberties of mankind.

In GREAT BRITAIN our attention is turned at this moment on the meeting of the Imperial Parliament, containing the members of the *United Kingdom* of Great Britain and Ireland. Such an event rouses our expectations—which, we trust, will be realised. Empowered to legislate for *millions* of the human race, may they be actuated by a superior wisdom; and may their measures, at all times, and on all occasions, prove favourable, not only to the prosperity of this country, but to the peace and happiness of the world!

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST.

1801.

JAN. 1. **T**HE new century commenced with the union of Great Britain and Ireland; and here it may not be improper to introduce to our readers, a representation of the Union Flag, which is composed of the three orders of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick.



That the union may be productive of the happiest effects must be the ardent wish of every friend to his country.

His majesty, by his royal proclamation, bearing date the 1st instant, after referring to the Acts of Union of the respective parliaments of Great Britain and Ireland, and mentioning his titles, &c. directs that "the same shall be expressed in the Latin tongue by these words:—"*GEORGIUS TERTIUS, Dei Gratia, Britanniarum Rex Fidei Defensor*:" And in the English tongue by these words: "GEORGE the THIRD, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith." And that the arms or ensigns armorial of the said united kingdom shall be quarterly, first and fourth, England; second, Scotland; third, Ireland; and it is our will and pleasure, that there shall be borne therewith, on an escocheon of pretence, the arms of our dominions in Germany, ensigned with the Electoral bonnet. And it is our will and pleasure, that the standard of the said united kingdom shall be the same quartering as are herein-before declared to be the arms or ensigns armorial of the said united kingdom, with the escocheon of pretence thereon, herein-before described: and that the union flag shall be azure, the crosses-saltires of St. Andrew and St. Patrick quartered per saltire counter changed argent and gules; the latter simbricated of the second; surmounted by the cross of St. George of the third, simbricated as the saltire." The proclamation further directs that all coin current in the united kingdom prior to the 1st inst. shall continue so, together with such other money as may be coined of similar description, until his majesty's pleasure shall be further made known.

The arms on all the royal carriages are altered. The *fleur de lis* is left out, in lieu of which the *Electoral cap* is introduced; the *shamrock* is also introduced in the different orders.

The standard of the united kingdom is thus mar-

shalled: in four great quarters are—1st, on the dexter side, in a field *gules* (red) three lions passant guardant, in pale *or* (yellow) for England.—2d, *Azure* (blue), a harp *or* (yellow) stringed *argent* (white) for Ireland.—On the similar side—3d. Field *or* (yellow) a lion rampant, within a double tressure, flowered, counter-flowered with fleur de lis, *gules* (red) for Scotland.—4th. Field *gules* (red), two lions passant guardant *or* (yellow) for Brunswick: his majesty's paternal coat.—In base *gules* (red) an horse current *argent* (white) for Hanover.—The shield *gules* (red) seine of hearts *or* (red) surmounted with an Electoral cap, proper.—These are to be the arms in all official seals: in all which the English rose, the Scotch thistle, and the Irish Shamrock are conjoined, springing from one stem.

2. Lavater, the physiognomist, died at Rome, of the wounds he received from the French soldiers some time since in Switzerland.

3. In the London Gazette of this date. there are no less than eighty-seven promotions of admirals.

9. A baker's covered barrow or truck, with 135 loaves of new bread, was stopped by two informers in the Borough, and carried to Union Hall, under authority of the law which forbids the sale of bread within a given period. The baker, by his counsel, contended, that the bread was neither sold nor exposed for sale, and did not come within the purview of the act:—the magistrates, however, after three hours deliberation, fined the baker 5s. for each loaf, and sent the bread to be distributed amongst the prisoners in the County Goal.

15. A general court of India proprietors confirmed a resolution of the court of Directors, granting to the Marquis Wellesley an annuity of 5000l. for 20 years, to commence 1st. Sept. 1798, the

day on which the treaty with the Soubah of the Decan was concluded.

This nobleman, with the concurrence of the East India Company, has established a university at Calcutta, upon an extensive scale. It will contain professors for the ancient languages, with the Persian, Hindoo, &c. and for every branch of science and literature. The professors are to be obliged to read lectures in their respective departments.

19. This day being set apart for the celebration of her majesty's birth-day, the accustomed display of ceremony and splendour took place on the occasion. The morning was ushered in by ringing of bells, the Park and Tower guns were fired at noon, and the union flags were displayed from the steeples of the several churches. The younger branches of the Royal family paid their congratulatory respects to the queen, at Buckingham House. At one o'clock her majesty held a court at St. James's Palace, when the Ode (See the Parnassian Garland) for the new year was performed in the anti-chamber adjoining the drawing-room, and a congratulatory oration delivered by his grace the archbishop of Canterbury. On this occasion a new crimson velvet canopy and throne were put up in the great council chamber, the royal arms of the union being beautifully embroidered, and decorated with diamonds.

22. This evening a person of very genteel appearance, who says his name is Palmer Hurst, was taken into custody at Buckingham-house, where he had several times before been troublesome, coming there under pretence of having business with the King and Princesses. On the preceding day he left a letter, which, he said, he came then to demand an answer to. Baker, one of the porters, very properly desired him to wait, and sent

for Sayers, one of the Bow-street officers, who took him into custody. On Friday he was examined before Messrs. King and Ford, at Whitehall, and, from the incoherent manner in which he answered the questions put to him, there remained no doubt of his being in a state of insanity. He is a man of very respectable family, and formerly resided at Walton-upon-Thames, where he possessed considerable property, but which he is supposed to have squandered away. He was sent to Tothillfields Bridewell, and ordered to be taken particular care of.

Same day the Imperial parliament held their first meeting.

26. The long pending dispute between the master and journeymen taylor's came on this day before the Court of Aldermen, when it was finally determined that in future the wages of the journeymen should be advanced to 27s. per week.

At a sitting of the Royal Society, some valuable books, magnificently bound, were presented to the society from the National Institute of France. A letter of compliment accompanied this present, signed Bonaparte, President of the National Institute, and First Consul of France; and on the letter was a finely executed vignette, representing Liberty sailing on the open ocean on a scollop-shell, with the following motto—*Liberté de Mer*. Sir J. Banks read the letter, and put the question, that a letter of thanks be returned to Bonaparte, was which unanimously carried.

Some revenue officers, in consequence of a late information, searched a mourning coach, which they met in the Kent road, when finding lace, &c. to the value of 600l. they seized it, together with the carriage and horses.

The Dublin Gazette notifies the elevation to the Irish Peerage, of Lord C. Fitzgerald, as Lord

Lecale; Admiral Waldegrave, Lord Radstocke; Sylvester Douglas, Lord Glenbervie; John Toler, Lord Norbury; and Sir A. Gardner, Lord Gardner; the Marchioness of Buckingham, to be Baroness Nugent; and her second son, Lord N. Grenville, to be Lord Nugent; F. Tench, Lord Ashtown; Gen. E. Massey, Lord Clarina; and the Hon. R. King, Lord Erris.

It also announces the following further creations: the Earl of Inchiquin, to be Marquis of Thomond; the Earl of Bective, Marquis of Headfort; Earl of Altamont, Marquis of Sligo; and Earl of Ely, Marquis of Ely: Viscount Castle Stewart, to be Earl of ditto; Viscount Donoughmore, Earl of ditto; Viscount Caledon, Earl of ditto; Viscount Kenmore, Earl of ditto; Earl Clanricarde, the title in reversion to his daughters; Lord Glentworth, to be Viscount Limerick; Lord Somerton, Archbishop of Cashel, to be Viscount Somerton; Lord Longueville, Viscount ditto; Lord Bantry, Viscount ditto; Lord Monk, Viscount ditto; Lord Kilconnel, Viscount Dunlo; Lord Tullamore, Viscount Charleville; and Lord Kilwarden, Viscount ditto.

Miss Fox, the Asylum warbler, who was seduced some time since by Mr. Septimus Hodgson, is said to have been lately married to a gentleman of very considerable fortune, and now rides constantly to the Asylum in her own carriage.

Lady Southampton's dower, which at her marriage settlement amounted only to 350l. per annum, in land let to cow-keepers in the neighbourhood of Fitzroy-square, is improved within her own life to the extraordinary rental of 8000l. per annum!

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

(From the London Gazette.)

JOHN HALLIDAY, of Old George-yard, Drury-lane, Middlesex, victualler. John Ansell, of Wickham, Southampton, victualler. Edward Parker, of Little Turnstile, Holborn, man's-mercier. Joseph Haslewood, of Birmingham, gun-maker. James Meredith, of Hereford, linen-dra-per. William Nokes, of Acle, Norfolk, liquor-merchant. Thomas Whitaker, of the Colnade, Russell-square, St. George, Bloomsbury. Robert Talbot, of the parish of St. George, Southwark. victualler. John West of Bath, cordwainer. Joseph Whitehead, the younger, and William Henry Taylor, both of Preston, Lancaster, iron-mongers and iron-founders. Joseph Hurst, Wakefield, York, woolstapler. John Bacon, Sutton, Ashfield, cotton-spinner. Joseph Whittingham Salmon, Manchester, manufacturer. T. Cooper, Liverpool, horse-dealer. J. Kirkpatrick, Liverpool, merchant. J. Shuck, late of Worcester, glove-manu-facturer. Charles Manwaring, of Manchester, shoe-maker, Samuel Parsonage, of Manchester, plumber. John Holmes, of Leeds, Yorkshire. Wm. Rideal, of Wakefield, Yorkshire, merchant. David Lowes and John Henry Rigg, of Hart-street, Covent-garden, rectifiers. Edward Bunn, late of West Ham, Essex, baker. W. Damerum, of Portsmouth, house-carpenter. J. Plaston, of Worcester, coach proprietor. H. Winchester, of Hulme, Bakewell, Derbyshire, smelter of lead-ore. Jn. Radcliffe, of the township of Eringdon, Hali-

fax, Yorkshire, miller. S. Townsend, of Bristol, ironmonger. A. Campbell, of Gosport, Southampton, brandy-merchant. Francis Merryweather and J. Hardwidge, of Lombard-street, merchant. Geo. Hammond, of Stamford, Lincolnshire, mercer. A. Hilton, of Liverpool. linen and woollen-draper. Tho. Edwards, of New Bond-street, haberdasher. Wm. Agur, of Whitechapel-road, Middlesex. Joseph Hatch, of Robert-street, Bedford-row, cabinet-maker. Ralph Jackson, of Market-Weighton, Yorkshire, shop-keeper. Robert Bedwell, late of Wantage, Berkshire, surgeon. John Elston, of Liverpool, merchant. Willoughby Taylor, late of Brighthelmstone, wine-merchant. Joseph Mawby, Long Buckley, Northampton, cordwainer. William Dunor, Green-Bank, Wapping, baker. Thomas Lea, Nuneaton, Warwick, dealer in horses. Robert Hayward Gosford, Pitfield-street, Shoreditch. Henry Saint Guliver, Richmond, Surry, stable-keeper, Nicholas Topper, of Charles-street, St. Mary-le-bone, dealer in coals and wax candles.

BIRTHS.

The lady of F. Freeling, esq. Sec. of the Gen. Post-Office, of a son (still-born). Of daughters: Lady Harriet Sullivan, in Chesterfield-street. Lady Elizabeth Lowther, at Swillington-Hall. The ladies of Major Gen. Brownrigg, in Fitzroy-square; of Col. Gascoigne, M. P. of Hertford-street; of the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Twisleton; of W. Wilberforce, Esq. M. P.—and Mrs. Jordan, of Drury-lane theatre, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Thomas Wright, esq. of Nicholas-lane, to Miss Preston, of Miles's-lane. Mr. J. Ketland, merchant, to the daughter of J. Tate, of Bucklersbury. Mr. J. Meymott, to the daughter of J. F. Rigaud, esq. T. Geary, esq. of Trinity-lane, to Miss Willock, of Golden-square. J. Brooks, esq. Queen-street, to Miss H. S. youngest daughter of the late Col. Egerton. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Capt. Rand, in the service of the India-company, to the daughter of J. Lancaster, esq. At Walton, Lieut. Campbell, of the Bombay Marine, to Miss Gregory, of Windsor. Mr. R. Brydges, of the Hay-Market, to the only daughter of Mr. Little, of Tiddington. J. Astley, esq. to Miss H. W. Smith, grand-daughter of the celebrated author of the *Wealth of Nations*. Col. Cotton, son of the baronet, to Lady Anna Maria Clinton, sister to the Duke of Newcastle. P. Lovell, esq. of Cole Park, to Miss C. Willis, daughter of the Archdeacon of Wells. C. Poole, esq. to Miss H. O. Lutwidge, niece of the admiral. Capt. Sparks, of Budgnorth, to Miss Best, of the Nunnery, near Worcester. M. W. Baker, of Bushbury, to Mrs. Pooler, of Wolverhampton, he being her third husband; their united ages amount to 120 years. At Gringley, Lincolnshire, after a tedious widowhood of thirteen weeks, Thomas Bingham, aged 80, to Miss Mary Dawson, aged 75. At St. John's, Wapping, Mr. S. Curtis, of West-Smithfield, to Miss Ann Pearson, of Hoxton-square.

DEATHS.


A few days since, Sir George Staunton, who had for a long time suffered under a paralytic affection. Mrs. Jean Scott, aged 70, mother to

Mrs. Pratt, of America-square. Stephen Remnant, esq. senior, of Woolwich. At Myton Hall, in the county of York, the Rev. Sir Martin Stapylton, bart. Henry Sewell, esq. his majesty's naval officer, and mayor of Madras. At Richmond, aged 81, the Dowager Countess of Northampton. At Portsmouth, Lord Renelagh, Capt. of H. M. S. Doris; he is succeeded in his title and estate by his brother, Major Jones, of the 66th foot, in Newfoundland. At Englefield Green, the celebrated Mrs. Robinson. In Gloucester Place, Major Gen. Lewis. Sir J. Andrews, bart. Vice-President of the Marine Society, &c. In Dublin, the Earl of Aldborough. At Wilton, Major-Gen. P. Goldsworthy, col. of the 1st. dragoons, equerry to the king, &c. In Dawson-street, the Dowager Lady Leigh. In Somerset-Place, Miss H. second daughter of Commissioner Hope.

To Correspondents.

The suggestion of T. D. respecting the history of those persons who have died since their biography was introduced into our work, we approve, and shall at all times readily insert whatever he may favour us with upon the subject, that has merit to recommend it.

The favours of correspondents received this month, are too numerous to be acknowledged in this number, they shall, however, be attended to in our next.



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Drawn from Life, and engraved by Chapman.

LORD ROKEBY.

Pub. March 1. 1801 by Vernor & Hood, Printers.